The Journal of The Kumbakonam College Literary Society.

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EDITORIAL.

The Journal of the Kumbakonam College Literary Society was inaugurated by the laudable efforts of Mr. R. M Statham. This is probably the first issue of the Journal published in the absence of the founder-editor from the College where the proofs of his untiring zeal to build up a many-sided College life are only abundantly evident. It is believed that Mr. Statham will be back in the College by next January. Meanwhile we are grateful to the kind interest evinced on behalf of the work of the Literary Society by our acting Principal Mr. P. Rajagopala Ayyar who entered on his new duties on the 31st. October.

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Mr. Rajagopala Ayyar was a student of the Kumbakonam College and afterwards of the Presidency College where he achieved a distinguished University record. He has since been on the staffs of the Presidency and Rajahmundry Colleges and for over three years has strengthened the Kumbakonam College staff He is full of youthful enthusiasm and he is admiral of the college fleet and commander of the land forces as well

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Among many College functions recently presided over by the new Principal was one which was the occasion of

the students giving a farewell entertainment to Mr. K. C. Subramania Ayyar who has been promoted to be the Chief Lecturer in the Rajahmundri College In reviewing the good work of Mr. Subramania Aiyar the acting Principal pointed out that the work of the teachers becomes difficult if the students are not already inspired with an adequate warmth of zeal for the studies in which they are engaged at college

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The success of university education largely depends on the personal appeal ma.'e by the professors ‹ r lecturers. We do not hesitate to draw attention to the oft-quoted words of Newman. "It (the University) is the place where the professor becomes eloquent, and a missionary and preacher of science displaying in its most complete and winning form, pouring it forth with the zeal of enthusiasm, or lighting up his own love of it in the breasts of his hearers." The possession of knowledge is an object universally coveted but its pursuit is too trying for most people in the world. We thus constantly want ideals to inspire us in our work at College. We want the spirit of Browning's hero of the time of the European revival of learning to hover among us. He

> "Left play for work, and grappled with the world,
> Bent on escaping;
> "What's in the scroll, quoth he, thou
> Keepest furled?
> Show me their shaping,
> Theirs, who most studied man, the bard and sage,—
> Give!"—so he gowned him"

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It gives us great pleasure to record in these pages the conclusion of the armistice between the Allies and Germany after the most terrible war of recorded history lasting over four years. The certain prospect of a satisfactory peace for the states who have championed the cause of helpless little nations, of justice, and of civilisation will serve to restore the world's faith in a living God. The defeat of the enemy has seemed a dramatic process

even as the outbreak of the war. Turkey surrendered and Austria followed suit and the Kaiser abdicated the throne in Germany The wicked have been extirpated like worms and the cause of the good once again restored to its full glory. That indeed is God's law.

During the last four years we had almost got accustomed to War-conditions. The state of War has its own healthy influence on a nation It stimulates the out-put of the maximum energy on the nation's part. All resources are economised and the moral sense is at the highest pitch. War has indeed a sort of cleansing effect but at what great cost! And after all peace hath her victories no less than War. We have need of all the best efforts of humanity towards cleansing human life and ennobling it to a high moral standard.

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As far as India is concerned the end of the recent war bears witness to the crowning of the happiest relations between England and India. The sense of brotherhood and hearty co-operation for the cause of the Empire have received the happy seal of success. The war has also stimulated the undertaking of a thorough search into the resources of men and material in India The industrial regeneration of India has progressed by a good step by the necessities of the war The training of men for national defence in the Indian Defence Forces has also gained popularity.

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The first convocation of the Mysore University took place last month, Sir Ashutosh Mookerji, delivering a brilliant address He emphasised the need for the pursuit of practical scientific studies. The furture salvation of the country lay largely in the revitalising of its industries and for this the laboratory was the best teacher. With somewhat a similar burden Sir Thomas Holland delivered an address at the convocation of the Madras University By

the way Sir Thomas Holland paid a compliment to the high standard long maintained by the Madras University in its examinations.

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We cannot omit to mention here the change of *personnel* in the office of the Director of, Public Instruction since the appearance of the last issue of our journal. The Hon'ble Mr. J. H. Stone has gone home on leave prior to retirement and the Hon'ble Mr. H. S Duncan has taken his place. Mr. Stone had always a warm corner of his heart for the Kumbakonam College of which he had himself been Principal some years and on whose College life he has left a lasting impress. Mr. Duncan has hardly less intense connections with the Kumbakonam College. He has been its Principal also for several years. Many of our student-readers may not know of Mr. H. S. Duncan's distinguished parentage. He is the son of Dr. D. Duncan, a scholar and reputed writer on philosophy who adorned the office of the Madras Director of Public Instruction for several years Mr. H. S. Duncan is the godson of the great philosopher Herbert Spencer as his name will show

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The throwing open of seats in the British Parliament to women is one of the greatest events of human history The significance of this new departure has indeed no direct reference to us in India. But still India should have every reason to profit by the example offered by the British in the general emancipation of woman to a smaller or greater degree. We in India may at least be induced to reflect on the nature of conditions subsisting between the two sexes in the country. If we are impressed that all is not well we would at least be induced to consider lines of reconstruction The newspapers give accounts of meetings held even in this country of women claiming municipal franchise

P. R. KRISHNASWAMI.

Mahamahopadhyaya Rangacharya.

This great Pandit, who died about a year ago, and and whose loss, not only Kumbakonam, but the whole of the Tamil section of the Presidency mourns, belonged to the galaxy of orthodox Pandits of the older type, which is, unfortunately for South India, fast dying out. He was remarkable not only for his encyclopaedic Sanskrit scholarship, but also for his authoritative pronouncements on difficult questions of *Dharmasastra* which were, and even now are, occasionally cropping up in the course of religious controversies. His sincerity, his undisguised hatred for all forms of intrigue and above all, his straightforward way of giving out whatever he honestly thought was the correct thing to do in any particular emergency, marked him out, among the Pandits of his day, as an exceptionally noble character. His was a nature which was highly credulous: he believed that others would deal fair and square with him, exactly just as he dealt with them. Backbiting was a thing he strongly abhorred; both when he had to find fault with another, and when he himself invited criticism from others, he liked plain speaking. His most striking characteristic, however, was that he was a man of few words: he would never use two words when he thought that one would serve his purpose. This, as might be expected, was responsible for many a misunderstanding between him and his adversaries in religious discussions, while his brusque manners secured for him many enemies in the orthodox camp But his occidentalised friends did not abate a whit in their admiration and regard for him during the whole of his lifetime.

Rangacharya's father, Krishnamacharya, known among his friends as Kuppuswami Ayyangar, belonged to a family which had and has, even now, landed property in the village of Peruhavalndan, in the Tiruturaipundi Taluk of the Tanjore District. But Krishnamacharya lived, like his

son after him, the greater part of his life at Kumbakonam, where the family had a house granted to them as a gift in perpetuity by Venkata Rao, the father of the well-known grand old man of Southern India, Dewan Bahadur R. Raghunatha Rau. Venkata Rao has left his name behind him in the name of the Agraharam in which stands the house in which Krishnamacharya and Rangacharya lived. All the other houses in the Agraharam, with the single exception of this one, were presented to Madhva Brahmans. This close proximity to families whose mother tongue was either Mahratti or Canarese is the key to the notable fact that Rangacharya was a very fluent conversationalist in these two languages

Krishnamacharya himself was a scholar of no mean repute; in fact he was in no way inferior to his glorious son, but the opportunity which came to the son, never came to the father whose scholarship consequently lay hidden from all except those who were his intimate friends. He was mainly responsible for the training of his son who counted as his co-students the no less renowned Satakopacharya and his elder brother, the former of whom was afterwards a Mahamahopadhyaya, and very nearly till his death, the Head Sanskrit Pandit of the Kumbakonam Town High School. Krishnamacharya did not, however, add to his intellectual preeminence any other good qualities. An episode in his life well illustrates this remark. By the terms of the deed of gift, the house in which Krishnamacharya lived was to be in the enjoyment of himself and his descendants for all time, but they had no power to sell it or alienate the property in favour of others. Though not unaware of this, Krishnamacharya once took it into his head to sell the house, most probably owing to the straitened circumstances in which he then found himself. He even went to the length of satirising his benefactor in a lampoon in Sanskrit cleverly conceived and executed The donor's family had to go to law in order to maintain their rights in the house and to prevent Krishnamacharya

from selling it. The disappointed Pandit appealed to two courts, but everything went against him and he returned home a wiser and a sadder man. With characteristic generosity Venkata Rau declined to take from Krishnamacharya the amount which he could lawfully claim from him as the expenses he had to incur. His son Raghunatha Rau continued to extend to the family of Krishnamacharya the same treatment as that given by his father, until a religious quarrel which will be referred to later on in its proper place temporarily disturbed the amity between the two families

Rangacharya had, in his youth, the good fortune to come into close personal contact with Sadhu Seshayya who was then a Lecturer in the Government College, Kumbakonam, and who lived very nearly opposite Rangacharya's dwelling. Seshayya had a taste for Sanskrit, and his proximity to Rangacharya enabled him to devote. amidst his other duties, some time to the study of Sanskrit under him. This study was kept up by Seshayya throughout his career, and he was very fond of introducing Sanskrit quotations in his English classes by way of illustration. When Sanskrit was for the first time introduced as a subject of study in the college, a pandit's place was newly created and applications invited for the post. Among the numerous applicants, three ultimately came to be chosen by the veteran educationist Rai Bahadur T. Gopala Rau and asked to interview him with a view to a final selection: these three were Rangacharya who was strongly recommended by Seshayya, Satakopacharya, and one Rangacharya of Mannargudi. Mr. Gopala Rau was so much pleased with our Rangacharya's plainness and openheartedness, that, in spite of the great difficulty in judging of their respective merits, he unhesitatingly declared for Rangacharya who thus became the first Sanskrit Pandit of the Kumbakonam College and served Government for over quarter of a century.

As a teacher both at home and College, he was eminently successful. Whether judged by the examination

results in the University or by the products of home education turned out by him, his teaching must be regarded as highly efficient For it must be here remembered that, apart from his regular college work, he was ever busy at home giving instruction to many young men in almost every department of Sanskrit Literature. In *Kavyam*, *Alankaram*, *Vyakaranam*, and *Dharma Sastram*, he was unrivalled. And his attainments in other branches were of no mean order. A remarkable characteristic of his teaching was that he never felt the necessity of looking into any text which he had to teach. Whether at home or at College, he usually asked a student to read out the text, while he went on explaining, generally with his eyes shut. His method of treating a *Sloka* was quite peculiar to him. He abandoned the orthodox method, though he himself was a product of orthodox instruction, and began the explanation of the *Sloka* with an elaborate and exhaustive account of the substance of what the sloka was intended to convey. This, combined with a few other explanations about difficult words, peculiar constructions, etc, enabled him to elicit the *Padachcheda*, *Anvaya*, word-for-word meaning etc. of the sloka from the students themselves, who never afterwards forgot the sloka. As has been already mentioned he possessed a good speaking knowledge of Mahratti and Canarese, and he would utilise this whenever he had to teach Madhva students who very often could not follow his Tamil exposition.

Rangacharya's expertness in *Dharmasastram* and Hindu law gave him far more prominence among orthodox Hindus than he would have achieved if he had only been acquainted with *Kavya* literature. Budding vakils who possessed a knowledge of Sanskrit, and who were fired with the laudable ambition of making themselves acquainted with Hindu law in the original Sanskrit, were very often found sitting at his feet and listening to his learned commentaries on such law texts as *Manusmriti*, *Yajnyavalkya Smriti* etc. But the most important thing about

Continued on page 272.

THE HUN PROBLEM IN INDIAN HISTORY.

by

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The Huns were an Asiatic people who, according to accepted history, dominated the world during the 4th and 5th centuries of the Christian Era. Gibbon says of them: "The Western world was oppressed by the Goths and Vandals who fled before the Huns; but the achievements of the Huns themselves were not adequate to their power and prosperity. Their victorious hordes had spread from the Volga to the Danube, but the public force was exhausted by the discord of independent chieftains; their valour was idly consumed in obscure and predatory excursions; and they often degraded their national dignity by condescending, for the hope of spoil, to enlist under the banners of their fugitive enemies. In the reign of Attila, the Huns again became the terror of the world; and I shall now describe the character and actions of that formidable Barbarian, who alternately insulted and invaded the East and the West, and urged the rapid downfall of the Roman Empire.

"In the tide of emigration which impetuously rolled from the confines of China to those of Germany, the most powerful and populous tribes may commonly be found on the verge of the Roman provinces. Their accumulated weight was sustained for a while by artificial barriers; and the easy condescension of the emperors invited, without satisfying, the insolent demands of the Barbarians, who had acquired an eager appetite for the luxuries of civilized life.

"Attila, the son of Mundzuk, deduced his noble, perhaps his regal, descent *from the ancient Huns, who had*

The inaugural lecture before the Madras Christian College Associated Societies The Hon'ble Mr. Justice Du. OLDFIELD, *the Vice-Chancellor, in the Chair.*

formerly contended with the monarchs of China. His features, according to the observation of a Gothic historian, bore the stamp of his national origin; and the portrait of Attila exhibits the genuine deformity of a modern Calmuck: a large head, a swarthy complexion, small, deep-seated eyes, a flat nose, a few hairs in the place of a beard, broad shoulders, and a short square body, of nervous strength, though of a disproportioned form. The haughty step and demeanour of the king of the Huns expressed the consciousness of his superiority above the rest of mankind; and he had a custom of fiercely rolling his eyes, as if he wished to enjoy the terror which he inspired." *

The Huns in the East.

At the other extremity of their influence at about the same period, a more recent historian has the following:—"Reference has already been made to the Yue-Chi as having in 163 B. C. dispossessed the akas from their habitat in the Tarim Basin. In 120 B. C. the Yue-Chi drove the Sakas out of Bactria, which they occupied and which remained their centre for many generations. In 30 B. C. one of their tribes, the Kwei-Shang, subdued the others, and the nation became known to the Romans as the Kushan. Antony sent ambassadors to this people and Kushan chiefs appeared in Rome during the reign of Augustus. Their power gradually waned, and they were finally supplanted by a race known to the Chinese as the Yetha, to the classical writers as the Ephthalites or White Huns, and to the Persians as the Haythal: the new-comers, though of a simialar stock, were entirely distinct from the Yue-Chi whom they drove out. This powerful tribe crossed the Oxus about A. D. 425, and according to the Persian Chroniclers the news of their invasion caused a widespread panic." †

* Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. Vol III, pp. 416—19.

† History of Persia by Lieut.-Col. Sir P. M. Sykes—Vol. I, pp. 468—9.

These Huns seem to have made their appearance first on the eastern frontier of Persian about the year 350 in the reign of the Persia King, Shapur the Great, and according to Persian Historians Shapur defeated them and made them enter into a treaty with him so far successfully that when he had to go to war against Rome a few years after, he was supported by an army of these Huns but soon after the year A. D. 425, when they crossed the Oxus, Bahram Gur defeated them completely and made them cross the Oxus back again for the time being. Though defeated for the while, the White Huns hung like a cloud on the eastern frontier of Persia and constituted the principal pre-occupation of the Persian monarchs that succeeded him. After a prolonged series of operations, Shah Firuz of Persia suffered in A. D. 483 a crushing defeat from the "Khush-Newaz", the High-minded, and he himself fell in the battle. What was worse for Persia, the White Hun monarch imposed a tribute on the Great King who succeeded Firuz, which was paid for two years. It was left to a son of this valiant Firuz, Kobad by name, to destroy the power of these Huns. After a campaign which lasted from A. D. 503 to 513, he defeated them, and the White Hun peril which had threatened Iran for so long had passed away.

The Huns in India.

It is these Ephthalites or the White Huns that figure prominently in the History of India of the same period. Their first appearance so far as is known to us at present being in the reign of the early Gupta emperor, Kumaragupta, whose death took place in A. D. 455. He suffered a defeat at the hands of the Huns, serious enough to shake the foundations of the empire; but the disaster was averted by the energy of his son Skandagupta, who inflicted a crushing defeat on the Barbarians and averted the danger for the time, about the year A. D. 455. The Huns appeared again barely ten years after, about A. D. 465

occupying Gandhara, the North-Western Punjab. Five years after this they advanced further into the interior and Skandagupta's exertions to stem the tide of this invasion were not uniformly successful. Under his weaker successors, they continued their advance till they were completely defeated some years before A. D. 533, either by a combination of Narasimha Gupta Baladitya, the Gupta ruler, and Yesodharman of Malva (either as a subordinate or more likely as an independent ruler); or each of these inflicted a seperate defeat upon these Huns. We have records of two Hun rulers in India, father and son, by name Toramana and Mihiragula. Mihiragula, the Gollas of Cosmos Indikopleustes, is described by Hiuen-Tsang as "a bold intrepid man of great ability and all the neighbouring states were his vassals." He wished to study Buddhism and the Buddhists put up a talkative servant to discuss the Buddha's teachings with the king. Enraged at this insult he ordered the utter extermination of the Buddhist Church in his dominions. When he recovered from the defeat at the hands of Baladitya, he found that his place was not available to him. His younger brother having taken possession of the throne, he took refuge in Kashmir, and here he repaid hospitality to treachery and having murdered the king he made himself ruler. Then he renewed his project of exterminating Buddhism, and with this view he caused the demolition of 1600 topes and monasteries, and put to death nine *kotis* of lay adherents of Buddhism. His career was cut short by his sudden death, and the air was darkened, and the earth quaked, and fierce winds rushed forth as he went down to the Hell of unceasing torment.*

What the Hindu and Jain sources have to say of him is no less gruesome, and he was taken away to the relief of suffering humanity.

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* Water's Yuwan Chwang Vol. page 289.

The Huns in Indian literature—Kalidas

It is the invasion of the Huns and the particular period of active migrations of this nomadic people that scholars have laid hold of in connection with all references that may be found to the Huns in Indian literature One of these latter references is contained in the Raghuvamsa of Kalidasa. Among the many achievements of the hero has to figure, according to accepted canons of literary criticism a description of his conquest of the four quarters This forms Book IV of the work. Slokas 60—80 of this book give the details of the western conquests of Raghu and his progress northwards till he crossed the Himalayas back into the Madhyadesa of the ancients The geography of this progress is worth careful study. Raghu is brought in victorious career along the west coast to Trikuta, which is somewhere on the farther side of the Vindhyas. Then he started for the conquest of the *Parasika by the landway*. He left the field of the battle with *the army of cavalry* of the westerners covered with *the bearded heads* cut off by the crescent darts of his bowman. He magnanimously pardoned the survivors who surrendered to him *with their turbans removed*. The victors rid themselves of the fatigues of the battle by draughts of wine in the surrounding vineyads in which sheets of leather *were spread for seats*. Then he set forward northwards as if he were bent upon *uprooting the Northern Monarch*. By rolling on the banks *of the Sindhu* (*Vankshu*) the horses of Raghu's army not only got rid of the fatigues of the journey but also shook off the pollen of the *saffron flowers* sticking in their manes The display of his * valour on their husbands exhibited itself by the red colour in the cheeks of the *Huna Woman*. The Kambojas unable to resist his valour bent down before him as did their Walnut (*Akshoda*) trees broken by his elephants tied to them. They sent in

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* This is a product of Yuvan-Chwang's Kapiso,
S Beal's Si-Yu-Ki I, 54 and notes 190 & 191,

their tributes *in heaps of gold and herds of horses*, repeatedly pride never entering the mind of Raghu, all the same.

Then he ascended the Himalayas the father of Gauri, with his cavalry the dust raised by which appearing to be intended to enhance the heights of its peaks. The breeze rustling among the birch-leaves, causing the musical sound among bamboos, and carrying the *spray-droplets of Ganges water*, refreshed him on the way.

The Kiratas who reached his abondoned camps learned, the height of his elephants from the marks on the deodars left by the neck-ropes of these elephants.

Raghu fought a fierce battle with the Parvatiyas (the seven ganas of Utsavasanketas). Having made them lose the taste for war, he got his paeon of victory sung by the *Kinnaras*.

Having raised his pile of unassailable glory on the Himalayas as if to put to shame the Ravana-shaken *Krilasa of Siva*, Raghu descended *the Himalayas*.

Criticism of the Reference.

The substance of the twenty stanzas of the book given above, gives a sufficiently correct indication of the point of view of the author though three points of view seem possible. In such connections an author may simply follow a conventional method in which states and parties are alike figments cf the imagination ; he may equip himself with such historical information as may be available to him and try to project the political condition of the age of his hero ; or he may just project anachronistically the political condition of his own age. Which exactly is the actual point of view of the author in any particular case has to be settled upon its own merits in each case, and the decision will depend upon the actual knowledge of the age it is possible for us to bring to bear upon the question. Profoundly well-read in the Epics and the Puranas, as Kalidasa apparently was, he does not appear to follow

the Puranic convention in this case It is well on the surface that he does not quite attempt the historical surroundings of the agê of Raghu, as a comparison of this progress of conquest with the corresponding section of the Ramayana or the Mahabharata will abundantly show. It is in all probability, the third course that he has adopted in this case, and has tried to depict the political surroundings of his own age. On this assumption it is that those scholars who have investigated the question have ascribed to Kalidasa the particular historical periods to which they ascribe him, rejecting as untenable the traditional age of Vikramaditya of Ujjain. It will appear in the course of our study of the history of the Huns, that this settlement so far, at any rate, as it rests upon Kalidasa's reference to the Hunas, is anything but the crucial test that it is but too readily taken to be.

The Geographical Data of Kalidasa.

Let us examine the test a little more closely. Kalidasa leads Raghu from Trikuta by the landway to Parasika which must be Fars (ancient Persia) from which the name has descended to the whole country. The specific mention of the landway suggests that the usual way was the waterway. If Raghu came from Aparanta, (the Bombay Coast) he must have crossed the Vindhyas near the west end through his own—Anupa, and Trikuta must be located in the Western parts of Central India—the roadway must then go across the margin of the desert to Sukkur, and thence by way of the Bolan Pass to the Kojak Amran mountains, winding round them to Girishk, and thence across to Such Persia along the Helmond, that is, the region of Persia hallowed by the early activity of Zoroaster and his patron Darius Hystapes,—these are some points of detiil which indicate accurate knowledge of the characteristics of the Persians and the Parthians before them. They were both of them essentially horsemen, and so the Parasikas are described in the poem. When they were

defeated, and they resolved to surrender the usual custom among them was to take off their turban, throw it round their neck and appear, as supplicants. Whether the term "Apanita Sirastrana" conveys all this it would be hard to say, but it seems unmistakeably to indicate this peculiarity of the Persian Both were alike bearded men, as the poem says.

Having conquered these, Raghu starts northwards as if to uproot the kings of the northern people—among whom figure only two, the Hunas and Kambojas. As a clear indication of what this north means we are given the specific hint (in sloka 67) that the banks of the *Sindhu* were reached. The word Sindhu is more likely to be a misreading, as six manuscripts out of the nine, have *Vankshu* instead of Sindhu. The most popular and authoritative commentator among these, Mallinatha adopting the reading Sindhu, gives the meaning a *nada* in Kashmere, meaning a westward flowing river, according to his own definition. He has been driven to this by the obvious unsuitability of the ordinary significance of the word Sindhu.* It is very likely that the correct reading is *Vankshu*. If it is so what is Varkshu? This is usually identified with the river Oxus, which is derived from the term Vakshu or Vamkshu. The Oxus is a long river the sources of which lie not far from the Pamirs, and its course then lay across the whole width of Mid-Asia from the Pamirs to the Caspian Sea. The Vankshu is not the Oxus, however, but is the name of one of the many tributaries which pour their tribute of waters into the actually smaller Oxus to make it the great river. Among four such in the upper reaches of the Oxus, there are two Wakshab and Akshab between which lay Khuttal, as it is called by Arab geographers, but Haejtal by the ancient Persians from which the name Ephthalites was given to the later Huns. The Wakshab of the Arabs is apparently

* See Nandargekar's Edition of the Raghuvamsa p, 91,

the Vankshu * referred to by Kalidasa, by far the greatest tributary of the Oxus.

Immediately to the east of this and enclosed in a huge semi-circular bend of the Oxus is the division known by the name Badakshin 'a country in which rivers carried down gold sands.' To the east of this again and reaching almost to the very source of the Oxus lay Wakh-Khan, which brings us to the very frontiers of Kashmir, but on the farther side of the Karakoram branch of the Himalaya mountains. There is but a narrow strip of country at the foot of the Pamirs between the upper course of the Indus, the sources of the Oxus and those of the Yarkhand river, which in medieval times formed the road of communication between Turkistan and Tibet. The junction of the Wakshab is reached from Balkh by a road going into the territory of Kuttal a little to the east of the junction, † and if Kalidasa had any roadway in this region in his mind, Raghu's march must have taken the road that Alexander took, up to Balkh and then turned north-eastward from Balkh, through Badakshan and Wakh-Khan to the frontier of Kamboja, instead of the slightly north-western road which led into Sugd, the Sogdiana of the Greeks. There is then another point for remark in this connection. This itinarary for Raghu seems to mark the outer boundary in the west and north-west of India from the Achaemenian times on wards almost up to the middle of the 3rd century A.D. if not even up to the time of Yuvan Chwang (Hiuen-Tsang).

Raghu marched eastwards from the Vankshu apparently till he reached the frontiers of the Kambojas who submitted without a fight. After this it is that he began his ascent of the Himalayas. There is a well-known route for

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* This name is found mentioned in an inscription of Bhoja in the 10th century A. D.

† Vide 'The Lands of the Eastern Caliphate' by Le Strange, Chap 'The Oxus'.

commerce through Ladak and eastern Kashmere into Tibet, but the region was occupied by the warlike Daradas (Darads)*—Raghu's route must have lain further east as there is no mention of these. Daradas, and as sloka 73 states that his army was refreshed, on its laborious mountain journey, by the breezes from the Ganges. There is the further reference (in Sloka 80) to the Kailasa being perhaps in view. He then descended the Himalayas probably by the passes of Gangotri and Kedarnath into the Doab between the Ganges and the Jumna. Here ends this part of his victorious progress, Kalidasa transferring him to the banks of the Luhitya (Brahmaputra) immediately on his eastern conquests.

The real question requiring explanation.

This detailed investigation makes it clear that at the period of time referred to by Kalidasa in this connection, the Huns were in that particular region on the northern banks of the Oxus, which became characteristically their own in the centuries of their active domination both over Asia and Europe, that is in the 4th and 5th centuries A. D. When they actually did come in there, and whether those that were in occupation of that region before them could by any means be known to the Indians of their days by the name Hun or Huna are points on which light would be welcome.

The Hun in Chinese History.

The name Huna can be traced back in Chinese history to the very beginnings of the history of that country. These were a people who occupied the north western corner of China proper and were known to the neighbouring Chinese under three forms of the name, written differently no doubt but pronounced exactly alike. Their earliest name seems to have been Hiun-Yu, the first part being Hun or Kun indifferently; later, they were called Hien Yun, and finally Hiung-Nu, the common sound of all these being

* For the position of the Dards, and Kambojas see Pargiter's map J. R. A. S. 1908, p. 332.

Hun. This takes on an affix 'U' in Persian becoming Hunu, Sans. Huna. These Hiung-Nu, were the leaders of the Turkish, Mongolian, and Hunnu peoples, who overran the continent of Eurasia in the centuries above referred to. They referred themselves to the dynasty of Hia, founded by the great Yu, son of the minister Kun in 2205 B. C. The seventeenth ruler of this dynasty was banished in 1766 B. C., because he was a tyrant. His son Shun-wei migrated with 500 members of the family of Hia to the northern borders of the districts of China, and these, Chinese tradition referred to as the forefathers of the Hiung-Nu. Dr. F. Hirth says "Under Huang-Ti, we find the first mention of a nation called Hun-Yu, who occupied the north of his empire and with whom he is represented to have engaged in warfare. The Chinese identified this name with that of the Hiung-Nu, their old hereditary enemy and the ancestors of Attila's Huns. Even though the details of these legendary accounts may deserve little confidence, there must have been an old tradition that a nation called Hun-Yu, occupying the northern confines of China, were the ancestors of Hiung-Nu tribes, well-known in historical times, a scion of whose great Khans settled in the territory belonging to the king Sogdiana during the first century B. C., levied tribute from his neighbours, the Alans, and with his small but warlike hordes initiated that era of migrations, which led to the over-running of Europe with central Asiatic Tatars*. Coming down the centuries, the kingdom of China broke up in the seventh century B. C. into seven feudal kingdoms: Tshu, Chao, Wei, Han, Yen Chao and Ts'i, and Ts'in. Of these the northern kingdoms Yen, Chao and Ts'in were neighbours of the Hiung-Nu. In the year 321 B. C. and again three years after, the first six of these kingdoms under the leadership of the Hiung-Nu attached the Ts'in dynasty. The allies were however, entirely conquered by the Ts'in and Shi Huang-Ti of the Ts'in dynasty became the first universal emperor

* Encyclopaedia Brittanica (XI Ed) Vol. 6, p. 192

about the year 246 B. C. This emperor made Hien Tang (the modern Si-Gan Fu) his capital. He abolished the feudal system and divided the country into provinces over which he set governors directly responsible to himself. He was also the author of roads, canals and other useful public works, and having assured himself of order in the interior of his kingdom, he proceeded against his enemies, chief among whom were the Hiung-Nu Tatars, whose attack for years had been disconcerting to the Chinese, and the neighbouring principalities. He exterminated those of the Hiung-Nu that were in the neighbourhood of China and drove the rest of them into Mongolia. Overcoming his enemies on the other frontier as well, he extended the empire to make it of the same extent as that of modern China proper. As a protection against the repetition of attacks by the Hiung-Nu, he supplemented the efforts of the three northern states by completing the great wall of China along the northern frontier extending from the sea to the farthest western frontier of the province Kan-Suh. This great work was begun under his immediate supervision in B. C. 214. Finding schoolmen and pedants, holding up to the admiration of the people, the feudal system that he overthrew, he ordered the destruction of all books having reference to the past history of his empire. But the result of this piece of vandalism was a great deal undone by his successor Hwei-Ti 194—179 B. C., the contemporary of our Pushyamitra and Kharavela, and of the Bactro-Indian Greek Menandar, the Milinda of the Buddhists.

The Huns and the Yueh-Chi.

During the last years of Shi Huang-Ti, the Hiung-Nu Shan-Yu, Teu-Man by name, was driven from the throne and murdered by his son *Mao-Tun* in the year 209 B. C. Subjugating 26 of his neighbouring tribes, he extended his kingdom from the Sea of Japan to the river Volga. He recovered from the Chinese, at the head of an army of 300,000 men, all the northern territory inside the great

wall, which they had seized from his father. The Han ruler Hwei-Ti 194--179 B. C. when he ascended the throne, started by giving every encouragement to the literature and doing all that was possible for him to undo the destruction brought about by Shi-Huang-Ti. During his reign, the empire enjoyed internal peace, but there was only one enemy on the frontiers and that was the Hiung-Nu people. They suffered many defeats in their attacks upon his empire, and thwarted in their attacks on China, they spent their fury upon the kingdom of the Yueh-Chi, which had grown up in the western extremity of Kan-Suh. The Yueh-Chi were all dislodged from their place and driven away to the territory beyond the Tianshan mountains between Turkistan and the Caspian Sea. The Chinese emperor attempted to form an alliance with the Yueh-Chi against the Hiung-Nu and ultimately succeeded Chang k'ien, the ambassador sent on this commission, was able to visit Bactria, which was a recent conquest of the Yueh-Chi and when there, his attention was first drawn to the existence of India. It was during this visit of his that numerous elements of culture, plants and animals were imported for the first time from the west into China, Under Wu-Ti 140-86 B. C., the power of the Hiung-Nu was broken and Eastern Turkistan became a Chinese Colony through which caravans could go forward and backward in safety, carrying merchandise and art treasures from Persia and the Roman market. About the beginning of the Christian era, the Han power was overthrown, and there was civil disorder till a prince of this dynasty was able to make his position secure from about A. D. 58. It was in the reign of his successor that Buddhism was introduced from India into China in A. D. 65 under Ming-Ti. It was about the same time that the celebrated general Pan-Chao went on an embassy to the king of Shen Shen in Turkistan, and brought under Chinese influence the states of Shen-Shen, Khoten, Kucha and Kashgar, all on the northern frontiers of Trans-Himalayan

India. It was after this period that the northern Hiung-Nu were finally dislodged from their place. They came and settled in the neighbourhood of Sogdians "conquered the Alans (called prior to the Christian era Yen-Ts'ai, Massagetae), killed their king, and captured their country whereby, under the name of Huns, they were the cause of the folk migrations which have recently been proven by the German Sinologist Dr. Hirth in numerous dissertations." * The southern Hiung-Nu, on the other hand, later acknowledge the supremacy of China after their last Shan-Yu, had abdicated in favour of the Chinese emperor in A. D. 215. When the central power of China grew weak in the third century A. D. owing to its division into three independent kingdoms, often quarreling with one another, the Hiung-Nu renewed their incursions into the empire in the beginning of the 4th century. The weakening of the Chinese empire naturally was the occasion for the Hiung-Nu, who in their now familiar name Huns, spread themselves from the frontiers of the Roman Empire to those of India.

The Hiung-Nu-Hun theory.

In regard to this Hiung-Nu being the Huns, there were three theories that held the field till within recent times. The first is the Hiung-Nu-Hun theory, the second Hiung Nu-Turk theory, the third Hiung-Nu-Mongol. It is the first, that the Hiung-Nu were the Huns that has the best authority at present, and the proof of this rests upon several facts other than geographical. In the Latin map of St. Hieronymus, preserved in the British Museum in London, there appears the name *Huniscite* in the neighbourhood of the Chinese Empire. This map was compiled between the years A D. 376 and 420, when the Huns were already in Europe. The appearance of this name on this map is remarkable though it is scored out on the map itself as it is at present, and "Seres

* The Imperial and Asiatic Quarterly Review for April 1900 p. 354.

Oppidum" inserted close to it. Scholars now hold that this correction was made by the geographer Orosius, (a pupil of St. Hieronymus) whose geography, was translated into English by king Alfred. In this geography, the compound folk name Huni-Scythae occurs. What is more remarkable is that this name occurs in the neighbourhood of *Ottorokorra* (*Uttarakuru*). It is generally believed now that this Orosius introduced the correction on the map, of errors copied either from the Latin map drawn on the Wall of Polla Hall in Rome, under the orders of the emperor Augustus in 7 B. C., or from the work *Orbis Pictus* of Agrippa, which was in general *use*. "*The Latin writers therefore of the Hiung-Nu age had really heard of the Hun under the Chinese Great wall, although they did not know their history.*" *

Among Strabo's notices of India, we find the statement that "The Greeks who occasioned its (Bactria's) revolt became so powerful by means of its fertility and advantages of the country that they became masters of Ariana and India, according to Apollodoros of Artimita. Their chiefs, particularly, Menandar, (if he really crossed the Hypanis to the east and reached Isamus), conquered more nations than Alexander. These conquests were achieved partly by Menandar, partly by Demetrius, son of Euthydemus, king of the Bactrians. They got possession not only of Patalene but of the kingdom of Saraostus, and Sigerdis, which constitute the remainder of the coast. Apollodoros, in short, says that Bactriana is the ornament of all Ariana. *They extended their empire even as far as the Seres and Phryni.*" †

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* For this and various other points in this matter, I am indebted to the article "Hiung-Nu-Hun Identity" by Kalmán Nemali in the Asiatic Quarterly Review for, April 1910

† M'Crindle's Ancient India—Strabo p. 100

The Huns, the Fauni of Strabo:

In this extract where the boundary of Bactria in her best days is referred to as the *Seres* and *Phryni* it is now clearly demonstrated that the second word *Phryni* is an error for Fauni, which in the sense of forest-folk, finds support in the Gothic tradition concerning the origin of the Hiung-Nu. The following extract from the Gothic historian Cassiodorus, as preserved in other works shows clearly that the Huns were forest men born of Hun fathers and Maga mothers.

"In those days the Hun people, who for a long time had been living enclosed in inaccessible mountain fastnesses made a violent attack upon the people, the Goths, whom they harassed to the utmost, and finally drove out of their old habitations, which they then took possession of for themselves. This warlike people originated, according to the traditions of hoary antiquity, in the following manner:

"Filimer, King of the Goths, son of Gadaric the Great, who was the fifth in succession to hold the rule of the Getae after their migration from the island of Scandza, and who, as we have said, entered the lands of Scythia with his tribe, got to know of the presence among his people of certain "*Maga*" *women* who in Gothic language are called *Alirumnae*. Suspecting these women he expelled them from the midst of his race, and compelled them to wander in solitary exile far from his army." *

Menandar and the Huns:

This idea of forest-spirits is found supported by another designation given to these people, namely, Spiritus Immundis, which means demons, and can be equated with the expression Fauni Ficari ion the authority of the Church Father St. Hieronymus. This idea of the Huns being regarded as forest-spirits is in keeping with the notion Daeva (Demon) of the Zend Avesta That the Hiung-Nu on the Chinese borders, were the people known to the

* Asiatic Quarterly Review Apr. 1910, p. 360—1.

early Latin and Greek writers under the name Fauni, finds historical support from the dating of Strabo's reference to them. According to Strabo's geography Menandar extended his borders up to the frontiers of the Chinese empire and the Fauni in the year 190 B. C. The period of Menander would correspond to the reign of Hwei-Ti of the Han dynasty. The Fauni kingdom of which Apollodorus of Artemita gives an account in his Parthika could be no other than the Hiung-Nu kingdom, which at the time happened to be ruled over by one of their most powerful Shan-Yu-, Mao-Tun, the Attila of the Hiung-Nu people. Beyond this mere synchronism, there is the startling testimony that these Hiung-Nu were also known to the Chinese by another name Kuy-Fang, where the first word means as much as a demon, and this designation for the the Hiung-Nu occurs in the Chinese text, which says clearly that Yin called the people Kwei-fang whom the Han designated Hiung-Nu. It is also noteworthy that it is the Second Dynasty that called them by this name. The second word 'fang' probably meant the district. This notion is confirmed in what the early Chinese historian See-ma-Chang has to say about it. "According to See ma-Chang, the Hiun-Yu in the time of Yao-Shon were called the mountain Yong or Hiun-Ju, in the time of Hia, Shon-Wei; in the time of In dynasty, their *land was Kuy-fang*; in the time of the Chao they were called Hiun-Yun, and in the time of the Han, Hiung-Nu." *

It thus becomes clear that the Hiung-Nu of the Chinese were considered by the Chinese themselves at a particular period of their history as something analogous to demons, and this notion got abroad in the folk name

* A. Q. R. quoted above pp. 366—67. In this connection attention may usefully be drawn to the title Devaputra or Daivaputra on the coins of the Kushana rulers, of the Punjab, Kanishka Huvishka & Vasudeva. The Daivaputras are again under reference in the Allahabad Pillar Ins. of Samudragupta. Is then the equation established that the Ch. Kuy-fang-Ind. Daivaputra-Cl. Fauni or Spiritus Immundis? Ind. Ant. XV p. 249.

Fauni of Strabo's geography, and in the Gothic tradition regarding the paternal stock of the Huns. Therefore it may be taken as satisfactorily proved that *the Hiung-Nu and the Huns were in the estimation of their neighbours the same people.*

The maternal stock of the Huns—the Massagetae.

In regard to the maternal stock of the Huns, the Maga women must have belonged to the Getae, who were also in the neighbourhood of China. All the contemporary historians of the Huns knew them only either as originating from the Massagetae that came later to be called the Huns, according to the concurrent testimony of the Greek, Roman and Latin historians, who all state "that the Huns lived among the most dreaded of people, the Massagetae." There is besides the clear statement of Ammianus Marcellinus, who "records that the Huns in every respect were similar to the Alans, who lived in that stretch of country from the river Don to the Indus, formerly known by the name Massagetae." The Chinese called these people before they were conquered by the Hiung-Nu, An-Ts'-ai, or according to the present pronounciation Yen-Ts'ai. Therefore then the people, called Massagetas by the Latins and Greeks, were known to the Chinese as An-Ts'ai. The notion of *Maga women* as connected with the Huns seems to have had its origin in the general notion that they were associated with *Witchcraft* and as such being fit mothers for the demon-breed of the Huns

Indian evidence on the question.

But coming down to the Indian side of the evidence, we have already noticed that in the geography of Orosius, the characteristic Huni-Scythae name occurs in the neighbourhood of Uttarakuru. The term Uttarakuru designated according to the Indian authorities a race of people on the other side of the Himalayas. The *pauranic* associations of these people give them an unbelievable longevity and ascribe to them other attributes which remove

them from the realm of an actual race of people. This notion of their being a legendary people gets only confirmed by the early Greek accounts of them, which describe them as the Hyperboreans of the Greeks. The Mahabarata refers to them as quite an earthly people among whom polyandry prevailed in the days of Pandu. * But if we get back to the earlier literature of the Hindus, we seem to be on more historical ground, and the Uttarakuru would be a race of human people, who lived on the other side of the Himalayas. The Aitareya Brahmana † describes them merely as located beyond the Himalayas. Their country is described as 'the lands of the gods' no doubt, but it is at the same time stated that the disciple of Vasistha Satyahavya, by name Janantapi Atyarati was anxious to conquer it. It cannot therefore be regarded as mythical. They are generally mentioned in connection with another people the Uttara Madras, who themselves get connected with the Kambojas as a Kamboja Aupamanyava is described as a pupil of Madragara. ‡ There is the further interesting detail in the Satapatha Brahmana || of a dispute between the Kuru-Panchala Brahmanas and of the Northern Brahmans in which the latter got the better of it. These northern Brahmans are described as having speech similar to that of the Kuru-Panchalas. Their speech was regarded as celebrated for purity, and the Brahmans are described as going to the north for purposes of study. This is confirmed by Buddhist tradition that Gandhara was famous as a University centre to which even such an exalted personage as Presenajit of Kosala, the contemporary of Buddha went for education as a prince.¶ It might also

* Adiparva Ch 128.

† See Haug's Translation VIII. 14 & 23

‡ Vedic Index by Macdonnell & Keith I 84.

|| XI. 4, 1, 1 III, 2,3,15 Eggeling's Translation in the Sacred Books of the East.

¶ Rhys Davids 'Buddhist India' p. 8, 28 & 203.

be noted here that the Mahavamsa refers to the region of the Uttarakuru as one to which some priests were directed to fatch a stone for working the relic chamber of the Great Stupa.* We should not therefore perhaps be far wrong if we located this Uttarakuru somewhere in the Tarim Basin in what is known as Chinese Turkistan so that they would be on the frontiers of China and India and in touch with the Hiung-Nu.

Hieun-Tsang's reference to the 'Rats' in the City west of Khotan.

That this is the identical location of the Hiung-Nu in the earlier periods of their history, as known to the Chinese, is in evidence in the account of Khotan in the Chinese Traveller Hiuen-Tsang's travels. He says there "in old days, a general of the Hiung-Nu came to ravage the borders of this country with several tens of myriads of followers." A body of rats of extradinary size, who had their habitat not far from Khotan, are according to the story, said to have miraculously overthrown the Hiung-Nu.†

It is also noteworthy that to reach this, the traveller had to cross the river Sita, which must be the Pauranic Sita, one of the seven holy rivers that took their rise round Meru or Sumeru, the pauranic centre of the earth It is this river that again seems to be referred to by the classical writers generally by the term 'Silas' ‡ It seems now clear that the land of the Uttarakuru was in the valley of the Tarim in the north western margin of what is now known to Central Asian travellers as the Takla Makan desert on the eastern slopes of the out-spurs of the Tianshan Mountains. A mere glance at a map of Asia will show clearly that in the days of the Hiung-Nu-Hun ascendency that must have formed the road of communication between

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* Geiger's Nurrst p. 203.

† Beal's Si-Yu-Ki II. pp 314--15

‡ Referred to as 'Sailodam' in the Mahabharata. II. 42.

China and India, from the middle of the first century B. C. onwards. If the Chinese knew the Hiung-Nu in this locality, it is just possible that the Indians might have heard of them in the same region, and as such it would be untenable to draw, from the occurrence of any reference to the Huna, the inference that it is necessarily made to the Ephthalite Huns.

Conclusion.

The Huns may no longer exist perhaps as a people but the Hun is not yet a dead, and if according to what Professor Maitland said in one of his addresses that history is lengthening both forwards and backwards, here is an illustration of the backward extension of the Hun history. In the days of his dominance, the Hun was universally regarded as the destroyer of civilization and his activities in this evil work was experienced alike all along the frontiers of civilization beginning from the walls of China along the Tarim basin down to the sources of the river Oxus, and along the river Oxus itself to the Caspian Sea, and across the southern coast of Russia through the whole length of the Roman frontier extending from the mouth of the Danube to the lower Rhine, if not to the mouths of the Rhine. It is to the good fortune of humanity that the principles of civilisation triumphed ultimately all along this frontier.

APPENDIX.

Raghuvamsa Book iv.

पारसीकांस्ततो जेतुं प्रतस्थे स्थलवर्त्मना ।
इन्द्रियाख्यानिव रिपूंस्तत्वज्ञानेन संयमी ॥ ६० ॥
यवनीमुखपद्मानां सेहे मधुमदं न सः ।
बालातपमिवाब्जानामकालजलदोदयः ॥ ६१ ॥
संग्रामस्तुमुलस्तस्य पाश्चात्यैरश्वसाधनैः ।
शार्ङ्गकूजितविज्ञेयप्रतियोधे रजस्यभूत् ॥ ६२ ॥
भल्लापवर्जितैस्तेषां शिरोभिः श्मश्रुलैर्महीम् ।
तस्तार सरघाव्याप्तैः स क्षौद्रपटलैरिव ॥ ६३ ॥
अपनीतशिरस्त्राणाः शेषास्तं शरणं ययुः ।
प्रणिपातप्रतीकारः संरम्भो हि महात्मनाम् ॥ ६४ ॥
विनयन्ते स्म तद्योधा मधुभिर्विजयश्रमम् ।
आस्तीर्णाजिनरत्नासु द्राक्षावलयभूमिषु ॥ ६५ ॥
ततः प्रतस्थे कौबेरीं भास्वानिव रघुर्दिशम् ।
शरैरुस्रैरिवोदीच्यानुद्धरिष्यन्रसानिव ॥ ६६ ॥
विनीताध्वश्रमास्तस्य सिन्धुतीरविचेष्टनैः ।*
दुधुवुर्वाजिनः स्कन्धाँल्लग्नकुंकुमकेसरान् ॥ ६७ ॥
तत्र हूणावरोधानां भर्तृषु व्यक्तविक्रमम् ।
कपोलपाटलादेशि बभूव रघुचेष्टितम् ॥ ६८ ॥
काम्बोजाः समरे सोढुं तस्य वीर्यमनीश्वराः ।
गजालानपरिक्लिष्टैरक्षोटैः सार्धमानताः ॥ ६९ ॥
तेषां सदश्वभूयिष्ठास्तुंगा द्रविणराशयः ।

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* The alternative reading given is Vankshu. Even where the reading Sindhu is adopted the comment is made referring it to that part of the course where it flows west-wards.

उपदा विविशुः शश्वन्नोत्सेकाः कोसलेश्वरम् ॥ ७० ॥
ततो गौरीगुरुं शैलमारुरोहाश्वसाधनः ।
वर्धयन्निव तत्कूटानुध्दूतैर्धातुरेणुभिः ॥ ७१ ॥
शशंस तुल्यसत्वानां सैन्यघोषेऽप्यसंभ्रमम् ।
गुहाशयानां सिह्मानां परिवृत्यावलोकितम् ॥ ७२ ॥
भूर्जेषु मर्मरीभूताः कीचकध्वनिहेतवः ।
गंगाशीकरिणो मार्गे मरुतस्तं सिषेविरे ॥ ७३ ॥
विशश्रमुर्नमेरूणां छायास्वध्यास्य सैनिकाः ।
दृषदो वासितोत्संगा निषण्णमृगनाभिभिः ॥ ७४ ॥
सरलासक्तमातंगग्रैवेयस्फुरितत्विषः ।
आसन्नोषधयो नेतुर्नक्तमस्नेहदीपिकाः ॥ ७५ ॥
तस्योत्सृष्टनिवासेषु कण्ठरज्जुक्षतत्वचः ।
गजवर्ष्म किरातेभ्यः शशंसुर्देवदारवः ॥ ७६ ॥
तत्र जन्यं रघोर्घोरं पर्वतीयैर्गणैरभूत् । *
नाराचक्षेपणीयाश्मनिष्पेषोत्पतितानलम् ॥ ७७ ॥
शरैरुत्सवसंकेतान्स कृत्वा विरतोत्सवान् ।
जयोदाहरणं बाह्वोर्गापयामास किंनरान् ॥ ७८ ॥
परस्परेण विज्ञातस्तेषूपायनपाणिषु ।
राज्ञा हिमवतः सारो राज्ञः सारो हिमाद्रिणा ॥ ७९ ॥
तत्राक्षोभ्यं यशोराशिं निवेश्यावरुरोह सः ।
पौलस्त्यतुलितस्याद्रेरादधान इव ह्रियम् ॥ ८० ॥

* Seven Ganas or clans of Utsavasanketas are stated to have been defeated by Arjuna in the *Mahabharata* II, XVIII, 16.

Brahmavartha, Past and Present.

My country in thy day of glory past
A beauteous hallow circled round thy brow,
And worshipped as a deity thou wast,—
Where is that glory, where that reverence now?
The eagle pinion is chained down at last,
And grovelling in the dust art thou:
The minstrel hath no wreath to wreathe for thee
Save the sad story of thy misery.
Well, let me dive into the depths of time,
And bring out the ages that have rolled,
A few small fragments of those wrecks sublime
Which human eye may never more behold:
And let the guerdon of my labour be
My fallen country, one kind word for thee.

Fakir of Jungheera—Henri L. V. Derozio.

A friend of mine to whom the Ms. of the following pages were shown, remarked, "Why bore me with minute —imaginary and often ideal, owing to the absence of any reliable data—details of your glorious past!; and the patriot moaned, "Alas! too long, O, too long have we been bound by the chains of the past. Shake off your shackles! 'Act, act in the living present'. For heaven's sake, do not dream about your golden age! I know you are a dreamer about your Aryans of antiquity. Did not Comte believe that we drag a lengthening chain under the gathered weight of a dead hand?"

Out of the Past build we our Future; the Past is the enlivening rejuvenating factor in the life of a Nation. The future may be different from the past but yet it is the past that determines the future. The authors of the famous Magna Carta, the rebellious framers of the Bill of Rights, the traitors that cut a monarch's head and drove another and even the dreamy Rousseau and his followers worked

upon a past, an ideal past, though day by day, one achievement after another, one push forwards after another, they stand removed from their ideal, and much more so from the real past; History says that people groaned under the weight and tyranny of a self-centred autocracy of the past, or earlier still trembled under the rattle-snake's eye of a cruel, ferocious, and uncivilised brute of a clan-chieftain, yet strange to hear that there is a clamour for the ideal and ennobling conditions of the past, the blessed 'return to Nature', the Utopian realms, all gold, fairy and airy, and the Votaries of Freedom, deduce certain 'inalienable birth-rights' of mankind!

History is the "backward look"—a backward look that tends to a forward look, like the tiger before the fatal jump, and an advancing career of the Nation! Says the great Historian Freeman "In our History above all, every step in advance, has been at the same time, a step backwards. It has often been shown how our latest constitution is, amidst all external differences, essentially the same, as our earliest, how every struggle for right and freedom, from the 13th century onwards, has been a struggle for recovering something old."

History is one 'consistent epic' of wisdom and deep philosophy; it is one *long continuum*. In the inimitable words of Lord Acton, "History has no end, because on the same principle History made and History making are scientifically inseparable, and separately unmeaning".

Further, is not India, the epitome of the "unchanging East," a cardivisite of a continent? says J. H. Cousins: "India of to-day is the India of the centuries. She has never moved far from herself. Her past is not a mere source of archeological pride to her present: her past *is* her present. The *Mahabarata* is not a shelved classic. It is a dynamic force. Shiva and Vishnu are not mummies of a worm-eaten mythology; they are living powers that go into the business of life on the foreheads of millions and millions of devotees."

There is another psychological reason for our friend's rather harsh remark. "A speech of Antigone, a single sentence from Socrates, a few lines inscribed on an Indian rock (new-found by English Archeologists and Antiquarians) before the Punic War, the foot-steps of a silent but prophetic people who dwelt by the Dead S a and perished in the fall of Jerusalem, come nearer to us than the ancestral wisdom of the 'barbarians'" who lived on the banks of the Five Rivers, in an Age where History dares not intrude its profane foot.

Agriculture.

The profession of tillage is impressively extolled in the first *Anuvaka* of the 12th *Kanda* of the *Atharva Veda.* The land should be important to us, and we should devote ourselves to its cultivation, as it bears many kinds of seeds and herbs (1), produces corn, (2), all living things derive their support from it (3), the ordure of cattle, horses, and birds form its manure (4): it supports all. "The land is the mother and I am a son of the Earth and the cloud is the father, for it waters all "(5 .

Manufacture and Navigation.

The mention of cars, carriages, chariots and boats in almost all the four Vedas, makes us believe, and no doubt presupposes a complete knowledge of carpentry, and ship-building and that too, of a very high order, in the very dawn of History. The bracing breeze of the sea is referred to in more than one place. "O, Supporter (Merchant)!

Thou goest by these boats or ships which go on the sea and in the sky which are golden and shining —is it reference to the aeroplanes ?(6)

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(1) ननावीर्या ओषधीर्या विभर्ति पृथिवी नः प्रथां राध्यतां नः ।

(2 यस्यामन्नं कृष्टयः संबभूवुः ।

(3) या बिभर्ति बहुधा प्रणाद् जत् ।

(4) गवां अश्वानां वयसश्च विष्टो भगम् ।

(5) माता भूमिः पुत्रो अहं पृथिव्याः पिता स उ नः पिपर्तुः ।

(6 यास्तेपूषन् नावो अन्तःसमुद्रे हिरण्ययरिन्तरिक्षे चरन्ति ताभि र्यासि ।

Sea voyage was a very common thing in those days but to-day the enterprising globetrotter fears the deadly blithing ban of social excommunication and the degrading and demoralising sequestration of a pontifical interdict though no more, as in the past, the secular authority is respected with ungrudging reverence and mute disciple-ship! As to commerce, here is passage from the *Atharva Veda*, which brilliantly portrays, in simple language, the yearnings and aspirations of a maritime nation. The very fact that this hymn was uttered by the head of each family and community, clearly indicates that the naval activities and commercial ventures beyond the seas were not the sole monopoly of one single caste or community.:

> "I pray to God for Trade. May He come and be before us as a guide! May he destroy the robbers, evil-doers, beasts. He is the King; May He become the giver of Wealth to me; *Let the celestial cars which traverse the many paths between the heaven and earth serve me with commodities, milk and butter, so that having bought them I may get wealth! Make our buying, selling and bartering, profitable!* O, God, make me like it and take care of the money with which I trade for good men desire to get money from money! Let it never be again little! O Leader of the Universe and Giver, we adore Thee, with humility, be ever wakeful in our children us, cattle and life!"

Government.

From many passages from the Vedas, we understand that Kingship, monarchy of the best order, was prevalent though republics and other forms of Government were not unknown. Strange to say, stranger, perhaps, to our strangers and naturalised aliens, and stranger still and heretical to our anglicised amorphous amphibia of the Universities—that there existed *elective* kingship, as elective and as constitutional, if not more, as Harold's, Canute's or the Conqueror's, elective claim to the throne, which our kind and veracious historians impose upon our too credulous ears and imagination! The *Yajus* says:

> O learned people, make this virtuous man unrivalled so as to enable him to rule excellently, to enforce justice, to promote knowledge to govern the people, and to uphold religion. O men *who constitute the commonalty*, this man, the son of so and so, is your king."

Does not the *commonalty* represent a truer claim to a valid election and approach nearer to the true and ideal Democracy, than a gorgeously painted aristocratic Witenagemot of peers and princes, of the histriographers, whose narrow patriotism and the glamour of the gilded chains of the past create an abyss, separating the old from the new, the past from the future, the ideal from the real, ignoring the connecting link?

In the Vedas, we hear of the Three Assemblies, (7) each in their department, independent but on matters of general and immediate importance unite and coalesce and advice the King, all the three assemblies being presided over by the monarch himself.—The Department of Public Instruction (The Educational Assembly), the Legislative Council (the Judicial Assembly) and the Executive Council (The Administrative Council) to speak in modern phraseology.

Further there were two spheres of Governmental activity--the Spiritual and the Temporal—which were united under one head, the King who was "to uphold religion," with a slight variation in words, the "Defender of the Faith." What a great and glorious *coup de grace* it was on the part of Henry viii of England to pass the Act. of Supremacy and how untold blessings, prosperity, greatness and puissance of the historical Rosicrucianism resulted from that magnificent stroke of policy! And even the best and most sympathetic of our Historians conspire to pass over this!

The Counsellors were great men conversant with the administration of the country and brilliant intellects of almost universal experience—not the hereditary brood of a ruling cabal.

Perfect concord and amity prevailed between the spiritual and temporal heads, between the Supreme Pontiff and the King, for the benefit and prosperity of the ruled—a fact insistently emphasised upon, by the, most familiar

(7) त्रीणि राजाना विदथे पुरूणि परिविश्वानि भूषथः सदांसि ।

of the Vedas (8). The King of England, George V is still the *Defensio Fide*, holds power under the Act. of 1539 and is the supreme and final authority on all ecclessi astical questions, though there are Arch-Bishops of Canturbury and York, a host of Bishops and myriad-of Arch deacons and deacons. and a multitudinous minor clergy.

The man who was chosen by the people unanimously, was crowned by the Priests. Here is a Coronation Ode from the *Rig Veda :*

O King *we accept thee*, be our ruler among us, remain firm (in governing the country,) *all people wish thee to be their king*; may the reign never pass away from thee !"

" Be here in the Empire, Our Ruler, never swereve from thy exalted position, but be firm like a mountain. Like the Almighty God Indra in Heaven, be thou firm here and take up the reigns of thy Government."

" Almighty God Indra may always uphold this king firmly with permanent blessings, May the Father be gracious to him and may the Lord of the World speak to him kindly for better Government,"

" As Heaven and Earth are permanent, as these mountains are permanent, as all this world is permanent may be this king of our people!"

" King Varuna, the Lord amiable, may permanently uphold thy kingdom, the Great Lord God, the Almighty God the Adorable God may make thy rule permanent."

" We ever approach the presence of the Father in Heaven with permanent offerings, so may the Lord Almighty God Indra make all thy subject *bear thee the offering or tax*, for the support of thy authority."

The last *sloka* diverts our attention into a new channel—Taxation. There was, "before the historic period" of the Historians begins, taxation and the mention of taxes and the regular and orderly collection presupposes a complex machinery of tax-collectors in the administrative Wheel, a centralised and effecient Government, and a territory that had already passed the stage of City-States, on the road to an Empire. The tax on the cultivation of lands—the only source of income to the royal Exchequer—was collected with the advice and consent of the

(8) अपश्यमत्र मनसा जगन्वान् व्रते गन्धर्वान् अपि वायुकेशान् ॥

"learned and confidential" men. The tax was binding on all landholders and was the humble contribution of the people towards the maintenance of „order peace and good Government, It was 1/6 of the income from the land—a proportion which was maintained subsequently by the Hindu Rajahs of the *Kavyas* and heroes of the ballads and historical tales, and the Puranic standard of an ideal king. (9)

Social.

There is every reason to believe that there was a caste system based upon the professions of each community or caste (10). The mention of the well known *Sloka* of the *Purusha-sukta*, however absurd, childish, and mythical it may be to our gowned and hooded friends, is only a poetical and allegorical explanation of an existing social division. But there are certain class of scholars who deny the presence of caste system in the Vedic period. They explain away certain words of the Vedas. The man of common sense will not be led away by the sophistry or eloquense of the condemners of the Caste system, which though now fallen in evil repute, did much in the past for the greatness of India's hoary and venerated postdiluvian Age. The system of Craft guilds of the Society, the Division of Labour of the whole Nation flourished in an ideal and splendid condition, long before the West was able produce, or a prophet could predict in the happiest hour of his clairvoyance the birth of Adam Smith, with his pet theory of Labour, which all the Occidental Economists have conspired to raise to the portals of Heaven! But never say it Caste system! Call it by its surname, the Division of Labour!

The present day caste system which more or less, elevates a man from his birth to the gilded Palace of

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(9, राजानो विभजन्त इष्टापूर्वस्य षोडशम् ।

(10) कस्य नूनं कतमस्य etc ("किंजातीयस्य")

privileges and Society's choicest gifts, of Brahminhood, to the position of Godhood's beninguant sphere: which rasises to the lofty pinnacle of glory and the balmy regions of Paradise of the Mighty, when born like the Spartans of old, defying the cold, piercing ordeal of the Mt. Teygetus, of the castellated mansion of Kshatrya; which makes a man rich, fatty and prosperous, carries him on the back of the Dolphins, more scientific skilful and endowed with all the inventive resources of the modern times—only less aquatic than that creation of Mythology—and creates him an heir to Rockfeller; which consigns another to the eternal cell of gloom and servitude, with no passion but despair, no wish but death, cursing the the toil-heralding twilight of the morn; which keeps certain others in degradation, infamy and adamantine chains of subjection, denies even the crumps of the graduated priveleges and emoluments and blinds with the gloom of Ignorance, with "Chill Penury repressing their noble rage"—this rank undergrowth of a luxuriant Tropical East, with the Protean manifestations of innumerable castes, the hybrids of castes—the myriads, of nocturnal lights of Heaven transformed into a Babel of Castes—is new to the Vedas and are against the spirit of God's prime Gospel!

The four castes were not conflicting but complimentary, unifying not disintegrating, progressive not retrogressive and elastic not inelasic, water-tight compartments dwarfing humanity. They were like the spokes of Wheel, making, shaping and strengthening the National Wheel, to create, secure and multiply the social weal. The clashing of spears, the clatter of teeth the neighing of the war-horse, the division of the Nation into two opposite camps of bitter hostility, the Struggle between the Orders, between the privileged and unprivileged are the abnormal products, the destructive harvest of the Cadmean cultivation, the narcosis of the Nation, consequent on the abuse of power and the degeneracy of the "blue blood" and

the aspiration and social upheaval of the down-trodden being roused to white heat and abnormal extremes by the confluence the Old and the New wine of a liberal and enlightened educational career!

At first, birth never ushered a man into the Olympian realms, nor bound him with the chains, "Chalybean-temper'd steel," to the jagged teeth of the Caucausus, to be preyed on the growing liver by greedy vultures. Ikshvaku, the son of the great Manu, the Brahmin founder of the illustrious and martial line of kings, of the Solar Race; and Viswamitra, Kshatrya-born, becoming a Brahmin, by his austerity of life, by the profound knowledge of the Vedas, by Vasishta, the prince of Brahmin Sages, recognised accepted and honoured—are two striking examples to illustrate the elasticity of the Caste system. By the observance of certain practices and ideal virtues alone a man became a Brahmin. "A low caste attains to a higher caste by the practice of virtue and is classed with it In like manner a higher caste person becomes a low caste in consequence of the commission of vice and is included in it." (11)

The Four Asramas or Stages in life, were the four rungs of a ladder to the easy approach to the portals of Heaven, to the realization of God. It is superfluous here to dilate on a well-known subject and in passing over this, a quotation from *Atharva Veda* about the student-ship, is not without its use.

> "The Vedic Scholar, noted for knowledge, dressed in deer skin with long hair and mustaches and intiated into religion, obtains supreme bliss......He ever preaches religion, to all people."

"*Dressed in deer skins!*" What a primitive civilization! How grand I look in my alpaca—this tie of violet or purple—that soft coller from Cunniah Chetty!

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(11) धर्मचर्या जघन्यो वर्णः पूर्वम् पूर्वम् वर्णमापद्यते जातिपरिवृत्तौ।
अधर्मचर्यया पूर्वो वर्णो जघन्यं जघन्यं वर्णमापद्यते जातिपरिवृत्तौ ।

Oh, I am lovelier with my pomatum and cherry blossom than that Pichu of the next house!" "*Long hair and mustaches*!" "Effiminate and beastly!" Reader, pardon me; I have forgotten that we are living in a civilised age of close-cropped heads and auto-tonsorial artists. I mean no offence to gowns and hoods. "*Initiated in religion*"? "*Preach religion to all people!*" "What nonsense! I am an atheist. Puranas!—they are dead tales of minstrelsy. Mere fiction—nothing but the fevered Oriental imagination! What does Ingersoll say?"

Marriage.

The Vedas enjoin monogamy. Men and woman should by religion, love and duty remain in wedlock till death parted them and in the absence of one of the three elements of mutual cohesion, the other two counteract the disruptive tendencies of the one rebellious element. When man and woman were united before the Universal Witness, the Sacrificial Fire, with the lurid lambent flaming tongues licking in vain the empty atmosphere they were irrevocably tied together. "yoked." No personal likes and dislikes afterwards, and no divorce! Their honeymoon was the long and devout worship of the Eternal, Birthless Deathless, Ageless the Ever-young, and the Impalpable, the woman making the necessary preparation for it and thus helped the man; their Bath or Brighton was to live in hut of palm leaves amid the wild and the terrible managerie of the Great Ring Master, far away from all the temptations of the Life, caring only for the unknown Beyond. Even their desire to get a son was essentially religious as was their marriage (though there were other things besides,) not the aimless fruit of good-given yearning after the other sex call it lust, or love, endow it with the cruel, brutal desire, of a Tarquin or with the dreamy wings of a Cupid. Who can understand the Hindus better than Max Muller? In his inimitable words "a Hindu talks religiously, eats

religiously, thinks religiously acts religiously and does everything religiously."

Here we had no Divorce Courts where men and women who think highly of the sanctity of their hearths, place willingly all the scandalous details, often real, more often concocted with a motive, to break a plighted word, to revoke the promise. to satisfy the senses on a new object of attraction, or to get the elixir of psuedo-freedom ; whom the Church united the State declares to part ; the partners and co-sharers of the domestic toil and travail look strangers from to-day forwards ! The ring-changing of the West was substituted by the "Clasping of the hand," the *Panigrahana*, in the East (12), and this remains even to this day.

The bride was not a mere girl but a fully developed woman, well-trained in the management of servants and cattle of the household.

When by misfortune one loses her lord remarriage was allowed by the Vedas to enjoy the life here. Says the *Rig Veda* :

"Rice up, O Woman, lying by whose one life is gone, come to the world of the living, away from thy dead husband, and become the wife of him who is fit to clasp thy hand and is willing to marry thee."

Another curious practice, a practice savouring of the Sadducees' question to Christ, seems to have been tn vogue—the espousal of the widow, by the younger brother of the deceased, for the propagation of the species. Sayana, the renowned Commentator of the Vedas, speaks about it (13). These show clearly that the widows in the Vedic Age remarried,—an institution which for "better or for worse" perished subsequently, now and

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(12) गृण्णामि ते सौभगत्वाय हस्तं मया ।

(13) विधवेव यथा मृतभर्तृका देवरं भर्तृभ्रातरं अभिमुखीकरोति संभोगकाले ।

then strewing the earth with the sparse and stray petals of the rose, through the long centuries that have rolled; Twenteeth Century, it is hoped and feared, will do much for the reign of Hymen resaffroned and redressed! The absence of early marriage in the golden past was due to the observance, implicit and vigorous, of Brahmacharya, now "more honoured in the breach than in the observance," and the prevalence of *Swayamvara* or the "free-will choice of bridegrooms."

Place of Woman.

East, not India alone, has been handed over to History fables, and proverbs, as cruel oppressive and tyranical to woman--a figment of the Occidental imagination running riot and waxing wild by partial observers and prejudiced travellers, and nourished by the firtilising manure of the memories of the ill-understood, but to some extent, homicidal Suttee, and the marbid mental mirage of the Zenanas and the Purdahs On the contrary in all the social and religious festivals and festivities, in the domestic hearth, in the family circle or outside, the smiling daughter of the sun, is still the soverign mistress, enjoys the highest and ideal Liberty that refuses to degenerate in to the *License* of her sister on the other side of the main, though she, the heir and successor of her illustrious ancestress of old, is *illiterate* in the sense and in the language her educated lord of to-day wants her to be equipped with, though she does not assemble in clubs pass resolutions or claim votes!

In the Vedic age she enjoyed perfect equality with man, she observed the austere yet ennobling vow of studentship, and studied the Ancient wisdom of the Vedas. There was in that good old time no seclusion of too sensitive jealousy or at best, the cautious and protective care over the female honour, and the Purdah and even the palatial prison walls of the earthly Houris, the Zenana, of Islam's fallen sway and glory would not justify our sympa-

thetic story-telling West to persist in a wild, hazardous and false generalisation. Even on the marriage day the couple talked together *tete-e-tete*, which their un-Aryan descenders of Modern times, with a laudable and ardent spirit of the past, try to emulate! The husband and wife always appeared together; she wore no veil—a peculiar trait, observable even to this day in the South Indian woman, free from the Mussalman influence, of the North, who is all respects the true daughter of the Vedic Mother, of antiquity. She rode on horse back, appeared in battle-fields, and even the comparatively modern, Atalantas and Dianas, and Amazons of Indian History from the famous Queen of the great Vikrama, the warrior Princesses of Rajaputana down to the incomparable Queen of Jhansi, are only the brilliant fruition of the martial spirit inherent in Indian woman, the violent and fitful belching forth of the Volcanic energy and fire of the all power-ful Janus— the sprit of Ayodhya's lovely Empress on the grim battle-field of the Asuras! Even woman led celibate life, though there was no self-immolating institution of Nuns of the West. "The ladies of Vedic antiquity are ranked as Vedic Seers, who are called *Rishees*." O Ye Shades of Brahmavadini, Yami, Sachi, Powlomi, and Indrani! Why do ye not infuse your sprit, in thy sister—why look askance at the members of a sex of which Ye are the Cynosure, the brightest gems the grandest perfections? Ye Ever-living and Ever-lovely, make thy mortal counterfeits worthy of your womb, make them great, make them follow your footsteps, make them lovely, physically morally and mentally! Shake off your apathy, your aloofness, your "otherworldness"! O grudge not the assistence to the needy, scorn them not as degenerate and worldy. O save them, save them from fall, destruction, demoralisation!

The Food Question.

Were the Aryans of old vegetarians or non vegetarians herbivorous or carnivorous?—a vexed and thorny question

that might be answered in both ways. There were animals and rarley even men immolated at the Vedi, to propitiate the God to attain salvation aud to get even earthly happiness (14). There are other passages in the same Veda, enjoining man to slay no aminal, even for the mere subsistence! Where is the truth? How to interpret these *slokas* how to reconcile the irreconcilables—that is the Question West and her troupe of anglicised admirers of the East maintain that like, the letters' intellectual mentors and *gurus*, the primitive Aryan maintained himself by flesh. The great Swami Vevekananda and a host of others emphatically challenge the half-trnths and mis interpretations on which they built their theory. Durga Prasad, the author of the "Introduction to the Vedas," in one of his Philippics against the degenerate scions of India and their writings, says; "When Europeans say that the ancient Brahmins offered cows in sacrifice and ate them, there is no wonder; for they are not thoroughly acquainted with sanscrit idioms But when a native says so, who is presupposed to understand his own scriptures, though unfortunately it may not be the case, it appears to be the truth and especially there remains no doubt when Mr. R. C- Dutts's History records that "there are frequent allusions to the sacrifice and to the cooking of cow, buffaloes (*Rig Veda* 61 12; 11 75; v 29 78; vi 16 47; vi 89 14; x 28 3; &c)—vol 1 page 65. Also, "in x 39 14 there is mention of a slaughter house where cows were killed and n x 91 14 there is an allusion to the sacrifice of horses bulls and rams ....." and he gives a very good interpretation of the stanzaa in question.

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(14) स य एवं विद्वान् मांसम् उपसिच्य उपहराति । यावद् द्वादशाहेन .इष्ट्वासुसमृद्धेन अवरुन्ध्ये तावदेनेन अवरुन्धे ॥

पृथिवीं माहिंसीः. गां मा हिंसीः अविं मा हिंसीः.

इमं मा हिंसीः द्विपादं पशुं. इमं मा हिंसीः एकशफं पशुं.

Drink.

The people in those days drank wine—the fermented juice of soma plant; the apparatus for the extraction of life-giving juice and the utensils and vessels to preserve them are menctioned in of the Hymns of the Oldest Veda, with minute details of the process of extraction and an exact precision of details. That immorality, drinking gambling and all the horrid paraphernalia of an advanced state of society and civilization existed is clearly shown by another *Rique* from the *Atharva Veda*:

"O cow unkillable that thou art, let thy mind be attached to the calf as that of man (who eats flesh) to flesh, (who drinks) to wine, (who gambles) to gambling, (who is lusty) to woman."

The dead bodies were disposed off either by water, fire or earth;

(1) "O God let water the mother (like the boat) purify us; Let it purify us running. Let the divine water of mercy wash away all sins. Being thus purified I come to Heaven."

(2) "O Fire again grow him whom thou hast burnt. Water or vegetation may arranged be here. O Fire carry him to heaven by the form which gives him happiness."

(3) "O Earth raise up above him good things, give him consolation. As a mother covers her child with the hem of her cloths, so do thou cover the deceased."

(To be continued.)

SANDHYA.

LO! the distant sun descends to his doom,
Plunging the Earth in twilight's transient gloom;
The whilom target of the celestial West,
Drops into the deep like fi'ry balloon,
Destroyed by a daughter of Essen,* best.
So fall all mortals, e'en the brave and just.

II.

The beaded Brahmin bismeared with *Basma*,
Knee-deep in water his ablution pours:
One, holding breath does *Pranayamam*:
Sing, some with budding hands, His *Namam*,
Turning West, eyes corporeal closed, in bliss
Of seeing, in vision, the form of His;
The pealing bells prononce in joy the prayer
Hour; O! Most musical! O sweetest air!
Recital of the melodious *Yejus*
The chaunting of the sacred *Samam* strains!
The wearied workman washes in the wat'r,
His body, and Sudra sons do splatter;
Women dark like the jug at the waist slim,
With laughing liquid kissing the black brim,
Homeward hie to greet, their lawful lords
Disturb not this tranquility by Basav's noise!
Rejoice! for amity and peace, O! rejoice!

III.

Pale Lord of Night pierces his spears of silver
Purest, struggling to 'scape from the dark-green
Lean and lank, from forest of cocoa-groves, [leaves
Making the milky rods on wat'r quaver.
Up, up, tinting the tops with sparks of fine
Radium, bathing Heaven and Earth in floods
Of argentine, and car, cupola, shrine,
In shades dilate, where the glowing broods
Little corposants, translunar lustre lend.

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* Krupp Gun.

IV.

Large—small—smaller—smallest!
Running across the rambling stream.
The moon-let trembling, hastens, tossed,
Like straw in the storm and vanished—
A dark cloud above the ball of cream
Passed over, like fear in a dream.

V

* Luna, laving, swimming in the water
Resumed its course and lost on the land;
† Soma, born of Foam of Ambrosia pure,
Nector, crystallis'd nebula, ball of butter,
Star-Lord, rivalless, smiling and bland,
Lightly leads Lakshmi, his sist'r by the hand.

VI

At last small like an opaque disc opal
Sits on the sparse foliage of Peepal,
Giant, knotty, grave, and aged;
Round him stand the starry servants all
(carpet of the Gods!) on low'r branches perch'd.
So holds he court and all below is hushed.

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* Luna here refers to the reflection of the Moon in the water.

† Soma is "Masculine" according to Sanskrit grammarians.

COMPULSORY PRIMARY EDUCATION

We live in an age of transition, when the talents of our great men are turned into a channel of reformation, in all aspects—political, social, religious. At such a time, the one fundamental line of work is still left untravelled, though now and then some active men labour and have laboured for it in the hope of fair advantages; but which nevertheless has not been supported and carried through. That one thing every-one knows and feels, cannot be other than compulsory primary education.

Education, it is the error of many to confound with 'Instruction.' The latter is only a part of the former. Instruction serves only to store the memory with dry-as. dust facts, while 'Education' serves immensely to cultivate the mind. Education is not only instruction in the three R's but also training in good manners. The children are trained to observe and to think, and in that way there is opened out to them, a channel for pure enjoyment in their leisure hours and the wisest judgment in their future life. "The studies should be neither," says Bacon, "a couch on which to rest, nor a cloister in which to promenade alone; nor a tower from which to look down on others; nor a fortress whence we may resist them; nor a workshop for gain and merchandise; but a rich armoury and treasury for the glory of the Creator and the ennoblement of life." Thus the education which people receive if well used, constantly and wisely in practice, will count much in the welfare of their own and in the development of their nation It is needless to expatiate upon its manifold advantages; enough if the needs for such an education though elementary be brought out clearly to light.

The history of various nations, bears ample testimony to its several advantages. Iiteracy of the general public and the learning of a chosen few, had been the pride of many of even the western nations, during the Middle Ages. But as time advanced, civilisation also advanced; learning

flourished Though they intended their sons and daughters for a life of military honour or for one of monastic life, sent them to schools when they were six or seven, to study the rudiments of education at least Men there were, who devoted their time, wealth, and labour to turn t'.emselves into unrivalled erudite scholars, but the useful though simple education of the others in their boyhood, had also its share, in the development and forthcoming of their nations. Many people there are who declare the mass to be a barbarous multitude, who they say, cannot think deep but indulge in petty trifles. We are not men so egotistic as the Prince of Arragon, to lose our hopes. We believe fully that the literary weakness and the physical energy of the ordinary class of people are supplemented and supported by the literary strength and the physical weakness of the more erudite men. In short the success of a thing depends mainly on co-operation of parties and not on the disunion of them

Great men have acquired in the statement that some take to higher education not expecting any spiritual growth from them or having a love for the same in its intrinsic worth, but hoping to get lucrative appointments in Government Offices, maritime agencies or inland workshops This kind of self-indulgence has produced more than one disadvantage. The land owners enabling themselves to lead a more sedentary life, have grown despotic and tyrannical. These evil aspects in their turn have rendered the feudal tenants and peasents reckless and desperate. The latter class of people has lost its inteest in agriculture; lands have been left barren and desolate; and in consequence the land produce has become very poor. Thus while highly educated men care only for themselves and leave their brethren unemployed, the latter has to remain idle and to satisfy their lust and hunger, they have to resort to evil means A remedy—a sure one indeed—to all people from suffering, to turn sterile lands into fruitful fields, and thereby make living cheap, is to train the mass of people at least

through elementary education.

Every day we see around us men and women as fully grown as we are, "fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer" but devoid of something useful to lead a happy life. How many men and women go to their neighbours to find out after all that two and two make four. How many men run a mile or more to the abode of some of their friends, to calculate the value of a gross of apples at eight annas per dozen. Again how many curd mongers and vegetable sellers appear on the world's stage to exchange their articles but with the faintest knowledge of the rudimentary principles of calculation. I have seen and have found it too hard for me to induce them to give me a half viss or a half measure of the articles they dealt with for cost. They would not do it, even for their life, not because of any superstitious belief or any vow to sell only in visses and measures, but because of their misanthropic distrust in others. Some there are who satisfy themselves that to have one member educated in a family is more than enough More generous hearted others allow all the male members to be educated at least in elementary principals. Is it enough and if enough is it possible for all to remain at the same spot at all times, is a question that has never entered their their minds. Men have to lead a hard out door life to earn money and procure therewith food for their families. While they are wandering outside the pale of their habitations, would it not be wholesome and profitable, if young men and women take in their hands the household management For this they need education so much at least as to safeguard themselves from dupings of any kind and to be in no way a loser though by no means a gainer. Under what amount of sluggish misery, they will have to plod, who plead for single-head or for sole male education

Each age brings forth its millions and among them disguised as all the rest stands one hero That hero works

for a sacred cause, without aspiring to any reward of merit. Work is man's mission as Carlyle says and it is more so in the case of the hero. Such a hero, we find in the person of the Hon. Gopala Krishna Ghokale who without any hope of reward or merit worked for the cause of elementary education. It was not with any mean aim that he took up the cause and devoted his life to it. It was not for lucre that he employed himself as a pedagogue in the Ferguson College, Poona. It was the result of his free mixing with the common people without any distinction of merit or rank, that made him feel the miseries of the poor. It was for the remedy of of that evil that he spent his time, his energy, his money, life and all. It was for that cause that he turned stoic and braving the biting cold of winter, went to London to represent the case in Parliament. Not even all the world would have prevented and seduced him to abandon his cause but his sincerest wish was that his successors would endorse his views, feel for it, work night and day for the same, rendering it a success. It was his mead and nothing else could detract him. It remains now our duty rather than pleasure to hold philanthropic vi-ws and dispel all agnostic ones to catch up his war-cry and follow his footpath until our cries be no empty Vocal sounds but solid reality. It is not mere ignorance of shame to follow precedents, if precedents be men of nobler type and lofty feelings. Not in vain should such example be.

Thus far a consideration of all the inconveniences of life arising out of the ignorance of the mob and the suggestion of a remedy for the same should occupy the mind of every hero. To arouse the slumbering nation from its idleness and misery to one of activety and joy; to give free labour to all irrespective of caste or creed and thus enable then to live a happy life; in short to regain prosperity and bliss from its state of adversity and ignorance nothing is more efficacious in restoring the wealth and peace of a nation than the "Compulsory Primary Education"

36, West Kadalangudi St.,
Kumbakonam.

T. D. RAMANUJAM.

'THE FIRST LOVE.'

1. HE stood over his mother's corse,
And sighed and shed a tear;
It was the first, the foremost loss
His boyish ears could hear.

2. A loss his heart has vaguely felt,
A something parted sad;—
He, by the prostrate mother knelt
A pensive, silent lad.

3 What has he now new found?
The first dawning of love.
He felt he had then lost a sound
No more his hearing's realm would rove

4. He thought he was desolate.
A mother's arm no more would twine
A mother's care thenceforth not 'bide
His little wants, designs.

5. His cheeks no more would feel the kiss
The tender smiling kiss;
That sent a stirring thrill of bliss
To the down-most nerve of his.

6. A father's care would do him good,
Nourish him in duty's way;
Where'll he find to his heart, the food,
Her caresses 'lone would pay.

7. Love is the dear essense of life
With its deep sighs and tears in beads;
'Tis redemption to our strife—
In him, it has sown its first seeds.

T R. SRINIVASAN.

॥ भारतगीतम् ॥

श्रीमत्समस्तसंपत्समृद्धिसंपूर्णरम्यतोत्कर्षम् ।
हृद्यानवद्यविद्याविद्योति विभाति भारतं वर्षम् ॥ १ ॥
सहकारनालिकेरकपनसपटीरादितरुवरप्रचुरम् ।
फलविनतकलमशालिक्षेत्रव्याख्यातसारसर्वस्वम् ॥ २ ॥
नानाकलाकलापप्रचारविस्तारिकीर्तिकमनीयम् ।
देशान्तरानुकार्यप्रगुणपरिष्कारसाररमणीयम् ॥ ३ ॥
प्रतिदिनमधीयमानश्रुतिपरिपूताग्रहारमहनीयम् ।
षड्दर्शनीपटिष्ठद्विजगोष्ठीचिन्त्यमानशास्त्रार्थम् ॥ ४ ॥
वैदिककर्मठविद्वत्परिषदनुष्ठीयमानबहुयागम् ।
अनवरतमुदितनिर्जरभावितसस्यादिसंपदभिरामम् ॥ ५ ॥
अत्र विराजति गौरीगुरुरच्युतमूर्तिराश्रयो जगताम् ।
व्योमावगाहिपादः सुरसरिदवतारकारणं हिमवान् ॥ ६ ॥
यं किल यज्ञाङ्गखनिं धरणीधरणक्षमस्वसाराढ्यम् ।
परिकलितयज्ञभागं शैलाधिपतिं प्रजापतिर्व्यधित ॥ ७ ॥
यत्र महामहिमानो विषयविदूरा महात्मानः ।
भगवद्ध्यानैकपरास्तप्यन्ते तेपिरे च तप्स्यन्ते ॥ ८ ॥
श्रीखण्डखण्डजनिभूरगस्त्यवासातिपावनोद्देशः ।
दक्षिणसमीरसूतिर्लसतितरां मलयशैलोऽत्र ॥ ९ ॥
या कापिलकोपानलशलभायितसगरनृपतितनयानाम् ।
त्रिदिवाधिरोहलीलाकल्पितदृढरज्जुनिश्रेणिः ॥ १० ॥
यां किल हरिचरणारुणसरसिजनिष्यन्दिमधुरमधुधाराम् ।
आसेव्य सुकृतिलोकस्तापं विजहाति सर्वतः प्रसृतम् ॥ ११ ॥

बहुतीर्थशोभमाना संगतयमुना सरस्वतीरुचिरा ।
प्रथमा महानदीनां प्रवहति साप्यत्र पावनी गङ्गा ॥ १२॥
मातेव पोषयन्ती पयसा चोलानबाधमङ्कगतान् ।
श्रीरङ्गसङ्गसङ्गतमङ्गलतुङ्गात्र वहति कावेरी ॥ १३॥
मुक्ताकलितं तीर्थं दधती विरजेव यावगाहिजनान् ।
मुक्तामयान्वितनुते प्रवहति सरिदत्र ताम्रपर्णी सा ॥ १४॥
यस्मिन्विन्यस्य पदं सुरलोकाद्भारती देवी ।
स्वयमवततार भूमावत्राभूत्कविगुरुः स वाल्मीकिः ॥ १५॥
सूक्तिसुधारसदानादखिलानामोदयन्विबुधान् ।
रूपान्तरगतविष्णुः कृष्णद्वैपायनोऽत्र संजज्ञे ॥ १६ ॥
सूर्याचन्द्रमसाविव संतमसं यौ विधूनुतो जगतः ।
ताभ्यां पूतं भारतवर्षं वर्णयतु कः कथंकारम् ॥ १७ ॥
देहस्य वाङ्मनसयोरपि मलमुन्मूलितं येन ।
तेन पतञ्जलिनेदं वर्षमभूष्यात्मनो जनुषा ॥ १८ ॥
आस्थिषत कर्मणैव हि संसिद्धिं ब्रह्मवादिनो ये ते ।
जनकादयो महान्तो वर्षमिदं ज्ञानपूर्णमतानिषत ॥ १९ ॥
श्रीशंकररामानुजमध्वाचार्या अवातरन्नत्र ।
ये किल सोपानततिं निरमासत मुक्तिसौधमाधिरोढुम् ॥२०॥
यद्ग्रथितसूक्तिमाला सुदृशां प्रतिदेशमुल्लसति कण्ठे ।
कविलोकसार्वभौमः कीर्त्या रेजे स कालिदासोऽत्र ॥ २१॥
वाचां विहारभवनं प्रसन्नगम्भीरसरसमधुराणाम् ।
बाणकविरत्र जज्ञे यः किल सारस्वतं पौंस्नम् ॥२२॥
दुष्करसंगरधीरो नीतिविदां ज्ञानिनां च धौरेयः ।

स्वच्छन्दमृत्युरासीदत्र महात्मा स गांगेयः ॥ २३ ॥
सत्यपरिपालनाय व्यक्रीणाद्यः कलत्रपुत्रौ स्वौ ।
चण्डालकिंकरोऽभूत्स्वयमिह सोऽभून्महान्हरिश्चन्द्रः ॥२४॥
पितृवाक्यपालनरतो यो वनमध्यास्त धान्विनां धुर्यः ।
नियतैकदारचर्यो धर्मात्मा सोऽजनीह रघुवर्यः ॥ २५ ॥
* मेधाविहारिवाचा नन्दितविजयः सुरेन्द्रशिवदाता ।
गोकुललालनपालो मोहनतिलकोऽनुजगृह इह कृष्णः ॥२६॥
कर्मज्ञानप्रपदनयोगैरौदार्यवीर्यशीलगुणैः ।
विद्याविवेकशिल्पैर्वर्षमिदं प्रागदिद्युतन्बहवः ॥ २७ ॥

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* अत्र पद्ये उपलक्षणतया महामहिम्नां बहूनां स्वदेशाभिमानिनां नामान्यपि प्रकृतानुगुण्याविरोधेन घटितानि सन्ति । मेधा पि. एम्. मेटा-महाशयः । विहारि डाक्टर्. राष्विहारिघोषः । वाचा डि. इ. वाच्छा । नन्दि ए. नन्दि । विजयः सि. विजयराघवाचार्यः । सुरेन्द्रः सुरेन्द्रनाथबानर्जी । शिवः पि. एस्. शिवस्वाम्यार्यः। दाता सुप्रसिद्धः दाताबाय् नौरोजी महाशयः, टाटामहाशयः, आर्. सि. डट्प्रभृतयश्च । गोकुलः गोपालकृष्णगोखले महोदयः । लाल लाल्पदघटिताः लालालजपतिराय् लाल्मोहनघोष् प्रभृतयः । पालः विपिनचन्द्रपालः । मोहनः मोहनपदघटिताः पण्डितमदन मोहनमालविया आनन्दमोहनबोस्प्रभृतयः । तिलकः बालगङ्गाधरातिलकः । कृष्णः वि. कृष्णस्वाम्यार्यः ॥

"Physician, heal thyself"!

SIR,

The chief topic of your Editorial, which appeared in the last July number of your Journal, has been discussed so fully from so many standpoints, both in the press and from the platform, that it is not my purpose to go through those arguments again, seeing that reiteration for the hundredth or even the thousandth time can serve no useful purpose, but would only bore the reader. But as some of the remarks are passed so very lightly and without any apparent thought on the bearings of the Hindu society, it is proposed here to reply to those remarks, avoiding especially the conterversial infectious, political questions, although social and political questions are inter-related. I do not know who the "eminent visitor" was, or what he had in his mind when he asked those questions which form the leading lines of the Editorial. The reply to those questions is obvious and beyond that it would be idle to search for. We cannot go on questioning the significance of the existence of any assembly beyond the purpose for which it stands. We cannot ask what the Oxford University stands for, or what the Indo-British Association stands for. We know the purpose of the one and the dealings of the other. We cannot ask what the present war signifies. We know the daily professions, and the daily practices of either parties in the Armageddon.

In the first place, there is nothing more childish than to talk of fifty years as a short period for social reform. Socio-religious matters are hard to crack. They, by long usage, have become a second nature, as it were, to the people, and to change them requires not years, not generations, but centuries. If you remember how long we have been agitating for simultaneous Civil Service examinations, and the King's Commissions in the army—both of which present no social, religious, or political obstacles—you will not

be so amazed at the fifty years of fruitless social reform propoganda. In social matters, propoganda can do no good and the march of time can alone bring on its own reforms. Has not contact with the West developed in us to an appalling degree the drink evil and the smoke evil without anybody's preaching? Have not our brethren come to imitate the occidentals in matters of dress, of hair, and of head gear?

In dealing with some features of our social system as stumbling blocks to "true civilisation", you say, "it is not to be expected that a man with a totally different upbringing should closely consort with, we will say, a labourer, but there is a great difference between the maintenance of a reasonable separation of social life between one caste and another and the holding of an individual at ten yards distance for fear of pollution as in the West Coast to-day". Why this reservation? Is it because you find in your own native society a certain amount of aloofness which the better classes maintain towards the lower? You take shelter under the very vague phrase "a reasonable separation". But let that pass. If there is to be a certain amount of brotherhood in our society, which you think it lacks, your social customs are not more liberal. The recent Tramwaymen's Strike at Madras has clearly shown the existence of such brotherliness among us as is required for good citizen ship. Would you dine with a day-labourer—even supposing he is a Christian? When Christianity, which sanctions no differ-ence among it lambs, finds itself hemmed in by caste brought on by pure accidents of birth, it is not to be wondered at that there is caste among us Hindus, whose religion preaches caste. For it is said :—

ब्राह्मणोऽस्य मुखमासीत् बाहू राजन्य: कृत: ।
ऊरू तदस्य यद्वैश्य: पद्भ्यां शूद्रो अजायत ॥

Then with regard to prepuberty marriage, the word "marriage" in Brahmin society is expressed by the Sanscrit

word *Kanyakadana* which means the presentation of a girl of ten years of age, as the following will show :—

अष्टवर्षा भवेद्गौरी नववर्षा च रोहिणी ।

दशमे कन्यका प्रोक्ता अत ऊर्ध्वं रजस्वला ॥

This restriction is not binding on the other castes of Hindus. Apart from the arguments adduced for both sides of this question there is the climatic cause. I am sure, everyone knows that the nearer the equator the greater the passion, and earlier the age cf puberty. This was one of the reasons why our Sastras enjoin early marriage for girls. Evidently this point has escaped you It is not necessary to go to Sanscrit to explain this. Even Tennyson refers to Caesar in Cleopatra's words as "cold-blooded Caesar". Further, such prepuberty marriage has been a religious safe-guard against early moral lapses.

The ancient civilization of the Hindus gave a girl of ten a husband, whom she was taught to regard as her master, her lord, her faith and her God; and such ideals of Hinduism cannot appeal to the later growth of Christian civilzation. One is dumb-founded at the following sentence. "In actual practice it is far more insidious than the con-summation marriage since it is legally binding and yet un-productive of either marital pleasure or progeny". So, Mr. Editor, you look on marriage as a mere cure or at least a palliative for the brute passion, and not as a sacrament! If that is so, what is the necessity for marriage at all? We may as well choose a women at random who is fit to reci-procate our passion, or propagate our species as at the the moment we desire, and live with her! Why then should we display all the imposing praphernalia of shams in the name of religion?

While remarking on the evils of early marriage of boys it is remarked that the boy "should not have been saddled with either the physical strain or responsibilities of married

life." It is evident you throw out this remark in a haphazard way. If you had even slight knowledge of the rudimentary principles ot the Hindu joint family system, you would certainly, it must be said in common justice to you, have tried your best to make those words invisible to the printer. For you cannot knowingly allow yourselves to be pitied—for the ignorance. Has it never struck you that probably many " young men of the College " have been saved from social and secret vices by a timely marriage? So, if the young men of the College do not " refuse to marry a girl, marry in the nuptial sense, under fiteen or sixteen," "the reason must be sought for, not in our religious books, but elsewhere.

Well, probably the census refers to the last century but since I have not the statistics before me, I am unable to remark either way on it. Such marriages are not sanctioned by the Sastras. And logically the parties should have been abortions of humanity to bring themselves to such practices. Such things are surely dying out; for being a Hindu and living among the Hindus, I have not witnessed or heard of one such marriage of more recent date. But surely you cannot have forgotten incidents in European history where two suckling children were preseted to each other by their parents, and the breech of the contract at the proper time 'begat' mortal feud. The lack of sacramental rites did not make such promises less binding. If child-widowhood "reduces the birth rate, tends to immorality and disease," may we not, without casting any reflexion on the Clergy, ask what spinsterhood and old bachelorhood tend to? Talking of 'infanticide, abortion and foeticide' which are indeed now becoming unfortunately of common occurance, may we not ask, if you ever heard of a certain period when India was not favoured with the attentions of the western civilization, and when India was not a prey to such maternal aberration?

Then comes widow remarriage. Certainly in all

humanity we ought to allow a pre-puberty widow to remarry. As to post-puberty widow's remarriage, it cannot be pleasing to the second husband, provided his mind is not diseased by undue communion with the West, to think that the wife he has taken to his heart has possibly not been a virgin, for she became a widow only after puberty. Europeans cannot appreciate the sensitiveness of the Indian mind on this point. An Indian, a normal minded Indian, a true Indian, will rather hang himself from the nearest tree than find himself dishonoured in his wife, whatever may be the time or circumstances. Whatever 'prevents a young and innocent girl partaking of her birthright' it is not purely a matter of sentiment. Further, by not allowing widows to remarry, a potent inducement to crime of a certain nature is unknown here. And there is only a short way from widow remarriage to the divorce court and the consequent scandals which are repugnanat to the Indian mind.

Female education is a decided necessity for the growth of a nation, for mothers are the chief teachers of children who are to be the future citizens. But such education does not require a University degree. Our ladies of yore were not illiterate. They had a deep knowledge of our religion and our society and our arts. Many were scholars. But they were not Amazons to dabble in politics.

I cannot be sure that they thought like Dr. Johnson that a "woman preaching is like a dog standing on its hind legs." With all their learning they were modest. Now education has come to mean every branch of materialistic knowledge without religion. Can you seriously think that such a system of education can conduce to the well-being—according to its ideals—of any nation? We have had enough of broken windows in the English polical life quite recently, as the result of false notions of chivalry. We in India, hold that woman's sphere is the home, but there has never been any objection to her study at home as a

relaxation from her duties as a housewife. The Hindu conception of a housewife is:—

कार्येषु दासी करणेषु मन्त्री रूपे च लक्ष्मी: क्षमया धरित्री।
स्नेहे च माता शयने च वेश्या सत्कर्मयुक्ता कुलधर्मपत्नी ॥

Do you realise that when women go to the legislative council or to preside over the cabinet meeting, the husbands would have to fondle their children as best they may? Though you disown any intention to convey the meaning that you want "votes for women and the unsexing of women" they are sure to follow this system of education. And it is not flattering to the intelligence of our people to think that we cannot profit by the example and experiences of others. You cannot have had an opportunity to read a very good story which our boys learn at the primary school—about the fox that lost its appendix. Anyhow, it would be interesting to inquire what made you abhor 'votes for women and the unsexing of women'. Why not that also? Because it is inconvenient? Your Utopia seems to be a fabric of conflicting principles. Evidently you dimly see a distant vision of a tough parliamentary election campaign, with militant ladies towering above meek men.

The dowry system is a a real curse, and it ought to be put down by all means. The Government itself, as a last resort, should try to discourage it. But have you forgot the circumstances under which Bombay and some other places went into the British hands? Have you forgot what induced Henry V. of England to militantly woo and wed Catherine of France? Have you forgot what nerved Philip II. of Spain to seek the hand of Elizabeth of England, with all her unattractiveness as a woman? If we Hindus deal in coins, those princes dealt in provinces and Empires and the destinies of millions of other people, who were transfered from master to master as a pack of swine. We have heard that even among the middle classes

in England to day a dowerless bride is looked upon with contempt. These facts are not given to defend the dowry system in India. It is a curse whereever it exists. But it is not a peculiarity to India.

Then with regard to 'superstitious insanitation' it is a matter for the attention of our good city fathers. It is within their province to prevent any kind of insanitation. Plague is happily non-existant in Kumbakonam, and I do think that it is premature to discuss the *Present* treatment of that *Phantom* disease among us. Small-pox is not regarded as a disease at all, especially by the Hindus. Provided we restrict our socio-sexual dealings, small-pox is not generally known to have done any harm to any one.

In conclusion, it is well to remember that every kind of reform hinges upon a certain mainspring, which shall be nameless here—for I have said at the outset that I shall not touch upon any controversial, infectious questions of a certain kind.

17 Dabir East,
Kumbakonam,
28th Sept. 1918.

M. NATESAN.

Prose in Tamil Literature தமிழ் வசனநடை.

"சந்தனப் பொதியத் தடவரைச் செந்தமிழ்ப்
பரமாசாரியன் பதங்கள்
சிரமேற் கொள்ளுதுந் திகழ்தரற் பொருட்டே."

உலகத்தில் தற்காலம் வழங்கும் முதிர்ந்த நாகரீகததில் ஒவ்வொருபாஷையிலும் நூல்களை வசனநடையில் எழுதுவது இன்றியமையாததாயிருக்கிறது. ஆனால் நம்முடைய முன்னோர்கள் தங்கள் அரும்பெரும் கருத்துக்களையும், மற்றுமுள்ள அரியவிஷயங்களையும் செய்யுளில் எழுதிவைத்திருக்கிறார்களேயன்றி வசனநடையைப் பெரிதாகக்கருதினாரில்லை. இலக்கணம், நிகண்டு, சரித்திரம், நூன்முகம், வானசாஸ்திரம், வைத்தியசாஸ்திரம், வேதாந்தம் முதலிய நூல்கள் எல்லாம் பாக்களில் எழுதப்பட்டிருக்கின்றனவே யல்லாது வசனநடையில் ஒன்றும் எழுதப்படவில்லை. ஆகவே தமிழ் தெலுங்கு முதலிய பாஷைகளில் வசனநடையில் பழமையான நூல்கள் அனேகமாய் இல்லையென்றே சொல்லல்தகும். ஆனால் வசனமே கொஞ்சமும் கிடையாதென்றாலோவெனின்? அப்படியல்ல. வசனம் உரையாசிரியர்களால் பெரிதும் உபயோகிக்கப்பட்டிருக்கிறது. இவ்விஷயத்தைப்பற்றிச் சற்று ஆராய்வாம்.

உலகத்துள்ள எல்லாபாஷைகளிலும், ஆதியில் ஆன்றோர்கள் தங்கள் அபிப்பிராயங்களை செய்யுள் வாயிலாகவே வெளியிட்டிருக்கிறார்கள் என்பது ஒரு பொதுவான நூல்துணிபு. இதை எல்லாத்தேசங்களிலும் பெரியோர்கள் ஒப்புக்கொண்டிருக்கிறார்கள். * "Music and Rhyme are among the earliest pleasures of the child and in the History of all Diteratures, Poetry precedes prose." என்றும், ‡ The metrical form of expressions is the oldest form of literary language that exists. In the early stages of society it is used for two reasons, first, because, as writing has not been invented it is the only way of preserving memorable thoughts and secondly, because, in primitive times, what may be called the poetic or ideal method of conceiving nature predominates over the scientific method. Inagination is then stronger than reason and the poet is at once the story letter, the theologian, the historian,

* R. W. Emerson's "Poetry and Imagination."

‡ Courthope's "Life in poetry and Law in taste."

and the natural philosopher of society " * என்றும் ஆங்கிலத்தில் பெரியபண்டிதர்கள் எழுதியிருக்கிறார்கள். இவை நம்முடைய தமிழ்ப்பாஷைக்கும் இனிது ஒவ்வாநிற்கும். தமிழ்நூல்களில், செய்யுள் கிறிஸ்துவசகாப்தத்திற்கு வெகுகாலம் முந்தியேயிருக்க, வசன நடைமட்டும் சுமார் 300-வருஷங்களுக்கு முந்தியிருந்த வீரமாமுனியின் (Constantius Beschi) காலத்திற்குப்பிறகே நூல்வாயிலாக வரத்தோன்றியது. இதற்குக்காரணம் எவ்வாறாயிருக்கலாம்?

முற்காலங்களில் எழுதுங்கருவிகளும், அதற்குவேண்டிய உபஸாதனங்களும், இக்காலத்தனபோல இல்லை. பதிப்பிப்பதற்கு அச்சுயந்திரங்கள்கிடையா. நூல்கள் பனைஓலைச் சுவடிகளில் கையினால் எழுதப்பட்டுவந்தன. அவைகளில் அனுவசியமாக வசனநடையில் விளர்த்தி எழுதுவது என்றால் அஸாத்தியமானகாரியம். மேலும் மிகவும் அவசியமானவைகளே எழுதப்பட்டுவந்தன. எழுத்தாணிகளால் எழுதவேண்டியிருந்ததால் எவ்வளவுக்கெவ்வளவு சுருக்கமாய் அர்த்தபுஷ்டியோடு எழுதக்கூடுமோ அவ்வளவு சுருக்கமாய் நம்முன்னோர்கள் எழுதினார்கள். இதனாலேயே, உரையாசிரியர்கள்கூட உரைகளை மிகவும் சுருக்கமாயும், கடினமாயும் எழுதியிருக்கிறார்கள். சுலபமாய்ப் பாடம்பண்ணுவதற்காகவும், பிறகு மறந்துவிடாமல் இருப்பதற்காகவும், பலநிபந்தனைகளோடு கூடியிருக்கும் செய்யுள் வாயிலாக எழுதினார்கள். உதாரணமாக, மோனைகள், அசைகள், சீர்கள், அடிகள், பிராஸங்கள், தளைகள் முதலிய வாமுறைகளை உபயோகப்படுத்தி யெழுதுவதால் ஞாபகத்தில் செய்யுட்களை வைத்துக்கொள்வது மிகவும் சுலபமாகும். உரைகாரர்கள்மட்டும் வசன நடையில் எழுதவேண்டியிருந்தது. இருந்தாலும், அவர்கள் செய்திருக்கும் உரைகளுக்கு வியாக்கியானங்கள் பல வேண்டியிருக்கின்றன. அடியார்க்கு நல்லார் தமது சிலப்பதிகார உரையில், பதிகத்தின் முதல் இரண்டடிகளுக்கு மிகவும் விரிவாக உரைசெய்து, அதன்முடிவில் " † இனிப்பதிகச் செய்யுளுள் முதலீரடியும்போல யாண்டும் விரியாதது உரை பெருகுமென்பதனைக் கருதியெனக் கொள்க" என்று எழுதுகிறார். இதிலிருந்து, அவர்கள் எவ்வளவு ஜாக்கிரதையாய்ச் சுருக்கியெழுதினார்கள் என்பது தெரிகின்றது.

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* இவைகளை மொழிபெயர்த்தால் மூலத்தின் பெருமைகுறைந்துவிடுமோஎன்ற அச்சத்தால் அப்படியே வைத்திருக்கிறேன். தமிழ் நண்பர் இதனை மன்னிப்பார்களென்று நம்புகிறேன்.

† சிலப்பதிகாரம் பதிகம் (P. 17)

செய்யுளைக்காட்டிலும் வசனநடை மிகஅவசியம் என்பது திண்ணம். "செய்யுள்" என்ற பதத்தின் உண்மையர்த்தத்தைச் சற்று விசாரிப்போம். தொல்காப்பியத்தின் செய்யுள் இயலில், வசனநடையின்லக்ஷணம் சொல்லப்பட்டிருக்கிறது. உரைநடையின்முறை செய்யுளியலில் சொல்லப்படுவானேன்? 'செய்' என்னும் வினைப்பகுதியடியாகப் பிறந்த தொழிற்பெயராம் 'செய்யுள்' இதற்கு 'செய்யப்பட்டது' அதாவது 'கவனம் செய்யப்பட்டது' என்று பொருளாகும். இந்தப்பொருளில்தான் *'உரையிடையிட்ட பாட்டுடைச்செய்யுள்' என்று இளங்கோவடிகள் உபயோகப்படுத்தியிருக்கிறார். 'செய்யுள்' என்பதற்கு 'பாட்டு' என்று பொருள்கொடுத்தால் 'பாட்டுடைச்செய்யுள்' என்பதற்கு அர்த்தமில்லை. இதன் பொருள்:—

உரை = வசனம்

இடையிட்ட = மத்தியில் கோக்கப்பட்ட

பாட்டுடை = பாட்டுக்களையுடைய

செய்யுள் = செய்யப்பட்ட நூல். என்றாகும்.

ஆகையாலேயே முற்காலத்தில், "பாட்டுடைச் செய்யுள்" "உரைச்செய்யுள்" "சூத்திரசெய்யுள்" என்று வெவ்வேறாய்ப் பாட்டுக்கும், வசனத்திற்கும் சூத்திரத்திற்கும் பெயர் வழங்கிவந்தன. †"பாய்த்துள், விக்குள் என்றாற்போலச் செய்யுள் என்பதூஉந்தொழிற் பெயர்" என்று பேராசிரியரும், "‡செய்தலினாற்சொல்லும் செய்யுளாதல் பெற்றாம்," என்று இலக்கணவிளக்கம் செய்த வைத்தினாதநாவலரும், கூறியிருக்கிறார்கள். இன்னும் பேராசிரியர் "§சூத்திரம், பாட்டெனப்படாவோ வெனின் படா; பாட்டும் உரையும் நூலும் எனவேறோதினமையின்" என்று தெளிவாய் எழுதியிருக்கிறார். ஆனால் வரவர 'செய்யுள்' என்பதின் அர்த்தப்பிரயோகம் குறைந்து 'கடுமையான நிபந்தனைகளுடன் செய்யப்படும்' பாட்டுக்களை மட்டுமே குறிக்க உபயோகிக்கப்பட்டு வந்துவிட்டது. ஆகவே, நன்னூலாசிரியராகிய பவணந்திமுனிவர்,

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* சிலப்பதிகாரம் பதிகம் (P. 9 L. 87)

† தொல்காப்பியம் செய்யுளியல் (P. 687 L. 16)

‡ இலக்கணவிளக்கம் (P. 838 L. 27)

§ தொல்காப்பியம் பொருளதிகாரம் (P. 742 L. 323)

* பல்வகைத்தாதுவின் உயிர்க்குடல்போற்பல
சொல்லாற் பொருட்கிடனுக உணர்வினில்
வல்லோர் அணிபெறச்செய்வன செய்யுள்,"

என்று சொல்லிவிட்டார்.

பலகாரியங்களுக்கு, வசனநடை அத்யாவசியமாயிருக்கிறது. அஷ்டநாகபந்தமென்றும், தசநாகபந்தமென்றும், அந்தாதிகள், கலம்பகங்கள், மிறைக்கவிகள் என்றும், இவைபோன்ற இன்னும் விசித்திரம் விசித்திரமாகப் பாட்டுக்களை வெகு சாமர்த்தியத்துடன் எழுதிப்பல புலவர்கள் தங்கள் ஆயுளைக் கழித்தார்கள். இவையெல்லாம் படிப்பவர்க்கு அதிகக்கஷ்டத்தையுண்டுபண்ணுகின்றன. பண்டிதர்கள்மட்டுமே இவைகளைப் படிக்கக்கூடும். வசனநடையில் நூல்கள் இல்லாமைபற்றியே தமிழ்ப்படிப்பு மிகக்குறைந்துவிட்டதுபோலும், இது மிகவும் கவனிக்கத்தக்கதே. ஒரு பாஷையில் அரியவிஷயங்களோடுகூடிய நூல்கள் எல்லாம் பாக்ஷிலேயே இருந்தால் எல்லாரும் எப்படிப்படிதது அறிவாளர்களாகலாம்.

நிற்க, வசனநடையின் இயல்பைக் கவனிப்போம். தற்கால அபிப்பிராயத்தில், வசனநடையென்பது செய்யுள் நிர்ப்பந்தங்களாகிய பிராஸம் முதலியவைகளுக்கு உட்படாமல் சாதாரணமாய் இலக்கணப்பிழையின்றி பேசப்படும் பாஷையில் எழுதப்படுவதே." ஆனல் வசனநடை இப்படித்தான் இருக்கவேண்டுமென்று வரமுறைப்படுத்துவது அஸாத்தியம். ஆங்கிலத்தில் மஹாகவியொருவர்

† I wish our young poet would remember my homely definitions of Prose and Poetry, that Prose is "words in their best order' Poetry 'the best words in the best order.' As the medium in which the poet works is language, execution in his case is the arrangement of the best words in the best order, the best order being in all but a few anomalous cases, a rhythmical one. The technical laws of verse, however, deal only with 'the best order' There remain as a part of the execution 'the best words.' This section of the definition covers all the intellectual propriety, the moral passions, the verbal felicity, the myriad charms and graces of which 'the best order' is but the vehicle." "The rhythm of prose must, in order to be

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* நன்னூல், பெயரில் 'செய்யுள்.'

† Coleridge. Chamber's Encyclopaedia,

good of its species, be unrecurrent. No greater fault can be committed in prose than the intentional or even accidental introduction of passages which can be read as verse, that is, recurrent rhythm." * என்று இவ்வாறாக உரையும், செய்யுளும் எப்படியிருக்கவேண்டுமென்று தெளிவாக எடுத்துக்காட்டுகிறார். நம்முடைய தமிழிலோ, வசனம் செய்யுள் நடையைப்போலவேயிருக்கிறது; ஆனால் அடிகள்மட்டும் கிடையாது. அடியார்க்கு நல்லாருடைய சிலப்பதிகார உரையைப்பற்றி எழுதும்போது, மஹாமஹோபாத்தியாய சுவாமிநாதய்யர் "† இவருடைய உரைநடை சிற்சிலவிடத்து எதுகை மோனை முதலியவற்றோடுகூடி இனியசுவை பயந்து செய்யுணடையாகவமைந்துள்ளது" என்று எழுதுகிறார். இது போலவே, இறையனாரகப்பொருளுரை, நச்சினார்க்கினியருரை பரிமேலழகருரை எல்லாம் சாதாரணமான வசனநடையல்ல.

‡ இறையனார் அகப்பொருள் உரை. "கருங் குழற்கற்றை மருங்கிருத்தி அளகமுநுதலுந் தகைபெறநீவி, ஆகமுந் தோளும் அணிபெற தைவந்து, குளிர்ப்பக்கூறித் தளிர்ப்பமுயங்கி—etc." நச்சினார்க்கினியர் உரை.

§ "பறந்து செல்லுஞ் செலவிலே தருக்கின
பாத்தலையுடைய போரிலே திரிவன."

$ பரிமேலழகர் உரை (கூடாநட்பு).

"அஃதாவது பகைமையானகத்தாற் கூடாதிருந்தே, தமக்கு வாய்க்குமிடம் பெறுந்துணையும் புறத்தாற்கூடி யொழுகுவார்நட்பு.'

|| அடியார்க்கு நல்லார்உரை.

"இலஞ்சியை மகிழென்பார்க்குக் காவிரியில் நீராடிவந்து மகிழைச்சூழ்ந்தென்ன வேண்டுதலின், மகிழினும் மன்றினும் பயமின்றாமாதலின் அங்ஙனங்கூறல் பொருத்தமின்றென்றொழிக."

இப்படிப்பட்ட வசனநடைகளையாவரும் படித்தறிந்துகொள்ளுதல் முடியாது என்பது நன்றுவிளங்கும்.

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* Chamber's Encyclopaedia

† சிலப்பதிகாரம் அடியார்க்கு நல்லார் வரலாறு P. 12.

‡ இறையனார் அகப்பொருள் (P. 27).

§ ஜீவகசிந்தாமணி (P. 605).

$ திருக்குறள் அதி 83 பரிமேலழகர் உரை.

|| சிலப்பதிகாரம் இந்திரவிழவூரெடுத்தகாதை P. 141.

உரையோடல்லாமல் நூலாகவே வசனம் உபயோகிக்கப்பட்டிருக்கிற பழைய தமிழ்நூல்கள் மூன்றே. அவை 'உரையிடையிட்ட பாட்டுடைச்செய்யுள்' என்ற வகுப்பில் அடங்கும். வடமொழியில் 'சம்பு' என்பதின் அமைப்புநோக்கி, தமிழிலும் அம்மாதிரியாக பாட்டுக்களுக்கு மத்தியில் வசனநடையில் எழுதியிருக்கிறார்கள்என்று தோன்றுகிறது. இம்மாதிரியான நூல்கள், பெருந்தேவனார்பாரதம், தகடூர்யாத்திரை, சிலப்பதிகாரம் என்றமூன்றுமே. சிலப்பதிகாரத்தில் 'உரைபெறு கட்டுரை' என்பது வசனநடையாகிறது. இதற்கும் அடியார்க்கு நல்லார் உரைசெய்திருக்கிறார்.

உரைபெறுகட்டுரை —

*"அதுகேட்டுச் சோழன் பெருங்கிள்ளி கோழியகத்து எத்திறத்தானும் வரந்தருமிவளோர் பத்தினிக்கடவுளாகுமென நங்கைக்குப் பத்தினிக்கோட்டமுஞ்சமைத்து நித்தல்விழாவணி நிகழ்வித்தோனே."

இவைகளிலும் வசனநடை கடினமாகவேயிருக்கிறது.

இம்மூன்றையும் தவிர, ஸ்ரீபுராணம், கத்தியபுராணம் என்ற இரண்டு ஜெயின நூல்கள் முழுவதும் வசனநடையில் எழுதப்பட்டிருக்கின்றன. இக்கத்திய புராணத்தினின்றுமே, திருத்தக்கதேவர் தமது ஜீவகசிந்தாமணிக்கு விஷயங்களை எடுத்துக்கொண்டிருக்கிறார் என்று மஹாமஹோபாத்தியாய சுவாமிநாதய்யர் அபிப்பிராயப்படுகிறார். இவைகளைத்தவிர வசனநடையில் மீதியிருப்பவையெல்லாம் நூலுரைகளே.

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* சிலப்பதிகாரம் P. 31 உரைபெறுகட்டுரை.

(To be continued.)

RIDDLE—ME—REE.

I.

IN the cabin, but not in the tower
In the hall, but not in the cover
In the iron, but not in the steel,
In the thread, bnt not in the reel,
In the oakum, but not in the seam,
In the oak but not in the reem,
In the river, but not in the sand,
My whole is a fort on Indian land,
Where Rana took his fearless stand,
Against the robber Afghan band.

II.

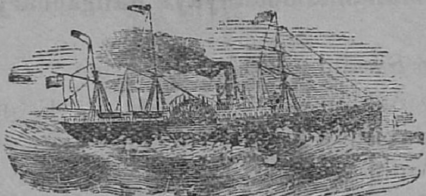
MY first is in lily and also in violet,
My second's in perfume and also in toilet
My third is in holly and also in velvet,
My fourth is in briar and also in scarlet,
My whole, a sight pretty and bright,
You may see by day and delight.

III.

I'M in Swami and also in Sarma,
I'm in Arabinda and also in Virma,
I'm in Rabinder and also in Surender,
I'm in Ambica and also in Narender,
I'm in Sayani and also in Aswani,
I'm in Annie and also in Sarojini
My whole you will often find,
By the College, if you mind.

IV.

NUMBER one is in stretcher and also in seat,
Number two is in attack and also in defeat,
Number three is in stay and also in mast,
Number four is in bunting and also in blast,
Number five is in hatch and also in patch,
Number six is in door-way and also in latch,
Number seven is in transom and also in make,
Together, my letters a structure take,
That soon will stem the flowing stream,
Manned by the college hardy team.



The Boat Song.

The captain calls
His boating palls,
To College port
For nautic sport.

Chrous.

Come my lad
Let's be glad.

The Cockswain then,
To boating men
Behest to shove,
They start they move.

Now trim they sail
Amidst the hail
Of lasses gay
Along their way

The charms of Free
They faintly see
When Zepher feeds
The noding reeds

Chorus.

Lome my lad
Let's be glad.

Their hearts are mute
When Gokul flute,
The wind do·h play
In Lordly lay.

They seem to feel
Along their keel
The thrill of life
Amid their strife.

Thou hardy team
Sail forth the stream
Of life that foam,
Beyond a home.

Chorus.

Come my lad
Let's be glad.

Botie.

Mahamahopadhyaya Rangacharya.

Continued from page 207.

this side of his learning was that even by the orthodox Brahmins he was regarded as the supreme court of appeal in cases of dispute about religious and religio-social questions. How many days pollution was a man to observe when he lost a relative whose relationship was of a rather complex character: what purificatory rites were to be performed before a man who had violated a particular caste rule could be taken back into the orthodox fold: on what day a religious ceremony was to be performed when different *panchangams* gave different rules of calculation: these and similar questions were always taken to him for final decision. Unreasoning jealousy has been, and is, unfortunately a characteristic of orthodox pandits; consequently the fact that religious disputes were referred to Pandit Rangachariar even by other orthodox Pandits testifies to the remarkable personality of the man. It must be here mentioned, however, by way of warning, that his decisions were not always acceptable to some people. Though everybody felt himself bound to take a religio social problem before him for solution, still every body would not act according to his decisions. Rangacharya always had the courage of his convictions, and never swerved an inch from the path which he had chalked out for himself in any particular contingency There were many occasions on which he performed a certain ceremony on a particular day in a particular way, while the rest of Kumbakonam performed it on a different day in a different way. But even those who differed from him could not pick any holes in his interpretations of the religious texts but could only weakly argue that the practice in their own family had, from time immemorial, been different.

One notable incident in his life throws strong light on the regard and esteem which he commanded from the

educated public of Kumbakonam. Two *Agnishtoma* sacrifices were simultaneously performed in two different places in Kumbakonam by two different persons It is well known that goats have to be sacrificed on such occasions, and the British Government, pledged to religious neutrality towards Indians have not at any time interfered with the performance of such sacrifices But on this occasion Dewan Bahadur Raghunatha Rao took it into his head to throw obstacles in the way and accordingly wrote to the Chairman of the Municipality, alleging that the sacrificial goats were unnecessarily tortured before being put to death. Mr. N. Krishnaswami Ayyangar, the then Vice. Chairman of the Municipality, was deputed to inquire into the matter. Pandit Rangacharya was then requested to explain the Vedic and *Srautic* texts to him. He did it in such a convincing manner that the Vice Chairman was thoroughly satisfied that there was no torture at all, and reported accordingly to the authorities that the Dewan Bahadur's allegations were not quite true, and no action could be taken against the performers of the sacrifices. In this connection, the Dewan Bahadur had the audacity to question the interpretation of the Vedic texts adopted by Rangacharya, and set against him a Madhva Pandit of his own following. Many educated gentlemen listened to the arguments on both sides, and were finally convinced that Rangacharya was right The Dewan Bahadur retaliated by ordering his family's annual grant of paddy to Rangacharya to be stopped.

In domestic and private life he was a model husband and father His love for his children and grandchildren was sincere and touching. His intelligence and attainments did not make him emotionless, as sometimes happens in the case of certain persons. His treatment of the ladies of his household was more liberal and modern than could be expected of a gentlemen who had been reared in his youth in the midst of rigidly conservative and orthodox surroundings His views were generally broad, and his

judgment unerring; his manners unoffending and genial though, as has been already mentioned, he was very often misunderstood owing to his plainspokenness. His physical habits were very regular; he took plenty of exercise both morning and evening. He thus enjoyed very good health during the whole of his life Till about a few months before his death, he was either imparting instruction to students at his house, or was himself reading Sanskrit works, some of them perhaps for the thousandth time. He did not die of any specific disease, but simply of old age. A few years before his death he celebrated the thousandth recurrence of his natal asterism, which event is supposed to be very auspicious, but which occurs but rarely during the life time of an individual. Born in 1833, he entered Government service when he was 38 years old, and was confirmed as Sanskrit Pandit of the Kumbakonam College in 1874, from which post he retired only in 1897. Even then the Principal Mr. Bilderbeck entreated him to stay on, promising to get special permission from government for his continuance; but Rangacharya stoutly refused. He was created a Mahamahopadhyaya for his attainments and successful work as a teacher of Sanskrit.

He died in 1917, having enjoyed a life of retirement and ease for full twenty years after he severed his connection with the college. A meeting was convened shortly after his death to take steps to erect a fitting memorial in his honor; though nothing more has till now been heard abour the matter, it is earnestly hoped that the movement will shortly materialise.

K. S. PATRACHARI.

COLLEGE NOTES

Our Principal.

The transfer of Mr. R. M. Statham hung in the balance ever since July 1917, but instead of such sudden and permanent separation from our midst, he is now taken by the Madras Publicity Board, to deliver lectures in all the schools and colleges in the Presidency for the correct understanding of the War and its aims. The successful termination of the war will no doubt end Mr. Statham's new work and we hope that he will be soon restored to us.

The new Black Death.

The deeply pondered thought and ages of untold experience of the Ancients, have simmered down and crystallised into the old adage that misfortunes never come single. True was that elixir of experience from the days of the past, from the obscurity of god-sent Egyptian the Plague to the most modern of our days—days of quibbling scientists, gowns barely hiding the quack within, after betraying the Hypocracy and Ignorance; days of learned M. Ds., with hair-splitting controversies, pet theories, vague but stubborn prejudices and predilections, endowed with the superiority, sophistry and haughtiness of a growing and almost universal language. Added to the horrors the trials, tribulations, and the terrible after-effects of a world-wide War, proclaiming in sonorous accents the Universal Presence of the Great and Omnipotent Illusion of the world, the transitoriness the fleeting evanescence of all we price near and dear and the success, the Triumphal March of the wildly rushing Car of Juggennath, Death, side by side walk, in unholy alliance united, the forces of Exhaustion, and Disease, most ruthlessly drying the Fount of Life!

"Misfortunes never come single." History confirms it. The War, draining the world, of its wealth, health, and life, letting lose on the world its attendants, the Dogs

of War—the unlocking of Pandora's Box—, a new Black Death ravages over the land, holding its aweful tribunal in every House, •denying most unchivalrously a decent crimation—unknown hitherto in all International Laws of the civilised—and a seat of rest In the Necropolis; unchivalrously too. attacking a fallen foe, pardoned and ransomed again and again; dealing out a strange but impartial doom to all, high and low, rich and poor, the slave and the slave-owner, the master the servant! Alas! wherefore? The mankind grown more wicked and sinful since Adam's days? Are we at the end of a Yuga, near the Doomsday? Or is the All-Merciful of the devotees after all the All—Cruel? If God be God why does he remain silent? Has Justice died and the Fount of Mercy dried? O, where is He the Supreme Essence, now deaf to all prayers and entreaties?

* * * * *

The Dipavali, the Christmas of the Indians, uniting, rallying all the members of the family whom the cares, the troubles and the cruelty of a hard World, constantly keep them asunder even to the very corners of the globe; with its newest, gayest and costliest dresses—from the Patriarch of the family to the peasant in the peat cottage—was cheerless, gloomy, melancholic, if not actually preparing for the Procession of the Dead, silently, the sighs and the cries at the final separation, infecting the bystander and choking him with grief! The cheery blaze of the sullen wintry night, replaced by the flickering oil-lamp, funereal, and 'counterfeiting gloom'; the pyro-technics and crackers giving place to the crackling noise at the—local Manikarnika; the laughter and lively conversation yielding, to the dull monotonous, lugubrious chaunt; the joy, the hilarity, the mirth, the feast all quite gone like the Chinese Queen's Palace by the Genli of the Lamp!—*that* is the Dipavali of 1918! Those who enjoyed the Festivity appeared like the Houris in Lytton's Rienzi!

* * * * *

The Dipavali, the Day of Presents saw the daughters and heirs of certain families widowed or dead, the mirth and pleasure diminished by the weight of sorrow, the anxiety of the fate of the sufferers or the desparate resignation awaiting the doom of a fast-extinguishing human lamp!

*   *   *   *   *

Gradually we are releasing ourselves from the poisonous clasp of the monster, the Sea of Devastation is receding, the night-mare disappears before the pleasing visions of delicious dreams and the world's calamity rolls and dissolves into the Nothing ness whence it came!

May the All Powerful avert a third attack!

The College Staff.

" Mr. K C. Subramanya Ayyar, Assistant Lecturer, Government College Kumbakonam, to act as lecturer, Government Arts College, Rajahmundry, in the ninth grade of Provincial Educational Service during the absence of Mr. R. Sadagopa Ayyangar on leave or until fnrther orders."

" Mr. P. Rajagopala Ayyar, Lecturer Government College, Kumbakonam, to act as Principal of the College with effect from the 31st. October 1918. during the deputation of Mr. R. M. Statham on special duty, or until further orders."

" Mr. K. V. Subbayya Ayyar, acting Assistant Inspector, Ramanad district, to act as lecturer, Government College Kumbakonam, *vice*. Mr. P. Rajagopala Ayyar on other duty or until further orders with effect from the date on which he takes charge,"

Since the issue of our last number Mr. S. Balakrishna Ayyar has left the college, as chief Lecturer of mathematics at the Rajamundri College. Mr. S. Muthukrishna Ayyar, an old boy of the college has taken his place here.

Our Annual play. After much debate, criticism, and vacillation. "Richard III" was taken up to be staged this year. Vigorous rehearsals were begun to be conducted from the beginning of November, As the business of the staging has been handed over to Mr. P. R. Krishnaswami Ayyangar, the last year's conductor also, of "Twelfth Night," we hope the staging will come to an early and successful realisation.

The stage committee has, at its meeting on the 29th November, fixed the date of the play to fall during the third week of December. The conductor spares no pains in the organisation of the play-acting.

A Tamil Play. Though the staging of English plays has become a common feature of our college life, it has been felt unfortunate that we should not have theatricals in our own mother tongue. This year therefore is marked by an additional venture under the auspices of the college Tamil Sangam. The Sangam is to stage also during the third week of December, "Manohara," under the conductorship of Mr. K S. Patrachariar Vigorous rehearsals are in progress, with the co-operation also of Mr. L. Sreenivasa Ayyar, the Assistant Tamil Pandit.

Our Serial Story: Owing to other contributions with claims on our space, we have had to limit the instalment of the story appearing in this issue to less than the usual length

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Plagiarism: It is said that young men in this country have a fatal leaning to attain distinction in the world of journalism. When exercised to a moderate degree it is no doubt on educative influence. But we strongly warn the novice that honesty is the first essential for success. Nothing should be written to the press which

is not one's own genuine production, and which is a mere compilation of the things stolen from the writings of others.

The I. D. F. The example of Mr. Venkataraman of the College Library has induced a large number of young men in the college to apply for enlistment in the I. D. F.

Busy as ever: The College has been full of multifarious activities since the resumption of work after an unfortunate break of nearly a month from the end of September; about a week of the interval having been necessitated by the general prevalence of influenza.

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The Third Class Literary Association has resumed active work under the presidency of Mr. P. R. Krishnaswami Ayyangar. The Association conducts discussions on purely literary topics closely related to the class studies.

The Armistice: The college celebrated the victory day with great enthusiasm and jubilation on the 16th of November.

Master Statham: We have great pleasure in announcing the birth of a Son to Mrs. R. M. Statham. We wish long life to the Stathams.

The American College, Madura: We are in receipt of a copy of the newly started organ of this college. We extend our hearty welcome to it and wish it success

THE PEARL OF THE ORIENT

BY

LILIAN LOVELETTA

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CHAPTER XVIII.

The Cell.

"SPARE ME—spare me Sahadev—I did not instigate—I swear I did not—Pray do not harm me—oh, do not!" and the dreaming form of Kumaran twiched itself in ineffable agony, murmuring indistinctly words of entreaty. After a few minutes he struggled once more as if to be freed from a tormentor, and burst out shrieking in tremulous accents: "You shall not hang me, you shall not—I am young, too young to die—father, father, help, help—they are killing me...—no, no, I shall give you money in plenty—even every pie I possess. Won't that satisfy you—begone, begone—father, they are putting the noose round my neck, help help;" the breath seemed to be oppressed; and tearing the imaginary cord from his neck Kumaran jumped on his feet, dashed his head against the hard wall, and awoke, to his infinite though momentary relief, to find himself free from the torturing dream. What joy was it to feel that all those excruciating experiences were only the phantoms of a nightmare!

But if the joy to find oneself safe from those ghastly incidents of that dream was unbounded, the grief recalled by the sight of the surroundings and the remembrance of the recent past was no less galling. He the noble and wealthy scion of Mabaral was now a felon, a criminal, a murderer, locked up in gaol!

A murderer? was it possible that he could become a murderer? The question repeated itself a hundred times to him. No, no, it was a mere delusion. He could no more have become such an atrocious villain than a little baby. Yet the wall against which he knocked told him that hs was thought to be the perpetrator of a heinous crime.

He tried to marshal the wild and flitting thoughts that crowded his brain; the vile deed out of which all the succeeding events had taken their shape, the furies he had let loose in the gross outrage on an innocent female, his shameful arrest on the crowning day of his life, the disgraceful fall from the height of happiness, the anxieties attending the coming sessions, and what was more harrowing, the guillotine that seemed to frown on him at the end of the road; but he seemed to lose all the powers over his mind, and become a prey to these morbid fancies.

But a murderer, he certainly was not: so his thoughts ran. He did not entertain even the shadow of an idea of murdering Sahadev when he called his servants to defend him against the infuriated man; and if Karman and Keshab had overruled his orders in punishing the fellow with death, was he to be charged or having instigated or abetted the culpable homicide of Sahadev? It seemed monstrous to Kumaran that he should be dragged to such an infamous position just because the real criminals happened to be his henchmen. What a cruel world, what atrocious laws to implicate innocent persons in crimes they had not dreamt of! Yet he was fully convinced that his hands were free of the blood of Sahadev; he stood confirmed in his own innocence.

But no sooner did he try to persuade his conscience to accept the sweet conclusion of his logical reasoning than his heart smote against him as if protesting against such an act. The remorse of conscience stole over him; he paused in pacing the cell; and with parted lips that failed to form the rising ejaculation of terror, and eyes looking steadfastly into the empty space in front, he stood rooted to the spot! For out of airy nothing a figure gathered itself before him, and encountered him with a head goary with blood, eyes darting hatred and scorn, and lips that seemed to quiver in indignation. Kumaran became speechless, motionless, but heard a palsied voice

uttering in deep and unearthly accents, "As you sow, so shall you reap. You shall die a death worse than mine" and the vision vanished.

Good heavens! could nothing be done to avert the calamity? Could nothing save him from the gallows? How he racked his brain to device means to escape such an ignominious death! Yes, he clutched at one idea: recompense Sarojini with all the money he could command But would that allay his death? Would Sarojini accept it? that was indeed very doubtful. And then? ah! only one thing could rob the gallows of the wealthy heir of Mabaral; and that was—his eyes rolled in mad merriment at this ingenious device—suicide!

He gloated over the thought that there was some freedom as yet left to him—the freedom to die. He danced in the room at this panacea which would cure him of all ailments—anxiety, disgrace, infamy, gallows. Ha! Ha! Ha! what a simple remedy! and he dashed his head hard against the wall. He felt no pain; and tapped his head with a finger in admiration at the thickness of the skull.

A grey patch of light stole into the narrow cell through the grated loophole of the prison; he observed it; and his mind ran back to the happy life he had lead at his college and at Mabaral. All the bright and gay incidents of the past unfurled themselves before his mind's eye soothing his tempestuous mind for a moment; and then the contrast between the past and the present was so agonising that he shed bitter tears of sorrow.

And he had determined to die—to commit suicide? No, no, a thousand times no! He was so young, so blessed by fortune that it was cruel to cut himself away from so many years of future felicity. Who knows that he might not be acquitted or transported? So long as there was hope he would not commit such an atrocious deed. Besides was he never more to see the sweet home, the bright

and glorious sun, the verdant valleys of Mabaral, the fresh and pure air of freedom?

Oh! If some powerful Deity could bring Sahadev back to life, or with a touch of the magic wand could dispell the gloomy experiences like the thin shadows of an evanescent dream, or if by making a sacrifice howsoever great he could exchange places with the poorest peasant th t toiled from morn to night in Mabaral or the starving beggar that tramped the streets of Nandanpoor, what untold heavenly bliss would have been his! Could nothing undo the past? Nothing? And echo answered "Nothing!"

For the thousandth time he fretted himself with the question as to why that crime had been committed. Had Keshab not perpetrated such an atrocity, would he, Kumaran have been inveigled into it. Who was the man who led him into that ignominious prison? Keshab. Who had counselled him to abandon his college career? Keshab. Who had tempted him to the snares of an illicit love with Sarojini and finally planned successfully in robbing that innocent creature of her priceless treasure?—Keshab, "Keshab, my evil genius, Keshab my insidious counsellor, Keshab my villainous friend, thou and thou alone art the cause of this degraded and humiliated position of mine; and if ever *I* regain my freedom and *thou* art robbed of the gallows, then it shall be my look-out to avenge those bitter wrongs thou hast done to an unsuspecting master!"

And with a pale and haggard countenance lit by a pair of brilliant eyes which glowed with shame and sorrow fear and fury, the wretched youth strode up and down the narrow cell, at times pausing to stare with wildly dilating eyes at the grey light that stole faintly through the grated loophole, and which, perhaps, he was never more to enjoy in freedom; and at other times tearing the hair, or beating the breast in moments of anguish.

Suddenly the noise of the unlocking of the bolts and chains of the prison door arrested his steps; and from the dazzling light that flooded the doorway, emerged a figure, short and stout, and surrounded by a dozen servants which clearly marked the high position of the gentleman.

He had scarcely entered the cell when a tall policeman, affable and condescending to the verge of hauteur whispered that the time for interview was strictly limited to half-an-hour. Kumaran gnashed his teeth in rage at a seven-ruppees policeman playing the emperor to a nobly descended aristocrat who had an income of over a lakh of rupees, and scarcely knew how to restrain an irresistible impulse of chastising the fellow on the spot. But the country crow, to which species the visitor evidently belonged, was easily scared—even if there had been only a red cap of this thunderbolt department.

But soon the visitor got rid of the unpleasant episode from his memory; for he was startled to see the alarming change that had been brought in the once handsome features of Knmaran. His eyes were sunken, his cheeks hollow, the face seemed to be bloodless and long; the hair uncombed and shaggy and the clothes untidy. How fickle is the physique of man!

Kumaran too was lost in regarding the visitor. He was the father of the maiden he had wedded on that eventful night, the father who had yielded his son-in law to the unmerciful hands of the police, who had deserted him in time of danger, and given vent to those bitter parting words which still rang in his ears. "Let me never see your face again."

Both were silent for a few minutes—each staring at the other.

"Well, Sir, this is indeed an honour. I would not have been surprised had this visit been from an entire stranger; but paid as it is by one who does not think it in keeping with his morality to lend a helping hand to another

who however deeply he might have been steeped in almost all imaginary vices is after all a kinsman, I must confess I am greatly surprised," said Kumaran with a dignity and composure which stood in marked contrast to the agitated behaviour some minutes past.

"My son" replied Janardan, the lord of Ragmar, "I forgive you the bitterness of your speech. But in justice to myself I cannot but point out that however seemingly hard I might have been on you that day, I have left no stone unturned to effect your release. That very night I sent the information to your dear father, and both of us together have done all that was possible to free you on bail. But why should I pat myself on the back? Suffice it to say that I have not been quite indifferent in the matter. How could I when the happiness of my own child was at stake?"

"Excuse me," rejoined Kumaran, "If I cannot bring myself to confirm to those social amenities of speech which soften the wrathful, and palliate the unpleasant, and which would have been fit in the ordinary course of life. Let me be plain. Do you imagine for a moment that I could forget those words of your parting benediction—"Let me never see your face any more?" I have been cheated all my life, the consequence of which is the present honourable position I now enjoy; let me not be cheated in my last days either by sophistry or by grey hair If you have any consideration for the feelings of one who is already bowed down by misfortune and grief, I request you to leave me to myself."

"Boy, boy," replied Janardan unable to suppress a tear, "Pardon me if in the heat of passion I might have used such words as you now tell me But do not mistake me for a hard hearted wretch, or an egotistic moralist. Your present state of health and the painful change in appearance are enough to make any one wipe a tear from his eye. I cannot express my feelings adequately at your

hard fate; my trust is only in God who, I hope, will save you from this dire calamity."

The appeal was so earnest, the words vibrated with such truth, and the sympathy was so genuine that Kumaran was visibly moved.

"You forget that I am a murderer; what hope can I have to be relieved from this trouble except through the gallows?" asked Kumaran.

"No, Kumaran, I cannot make myself believe that such a terrible end is destined for you. That would be dreadful; and it would rebound with redoubled force on my hapless daughter. How miserable she is—poor thing! But tell me Kumaran—" Janardan hesitated to complete the sentence.

"Tell you what?" asked Kumaran.

"What?" echoed Janardan, "Ever since I knew the appalling news of the death of Sahadev, it has weighed on my mind every minute; many times I resolved to ask you the question; but I had never the heart to approach you with it. Today I have resolved, even if it be at the risk of winning your displeasure. Will you tell me the truth if I ask you the question."

"If you really believe me to be capable of telling you the truth, I shall not hesitate to reply you."

"Not that I suspect your veracity," said Janardan. "This is not the time for parleying. I request you not to find pin-pricks in my illturned words. You may mistake my speech if you will, but pray do not mistake my heart. I ask you to be kind enough to reveal me certain facts which apart from lightening the sorrow of myself and the girl whom you have taken for wife, will considerably strengthen me in advising the counsel whom we have engaged in your behalf. If you refuse to accede to my request, all that I can say is that even the poor chances that are left will escape. Shall I go?" and Janardan rose to depart.

"I am the most unfortunate creature on earth. What hope can I have to be delivered from the gallows? Yes, leave me, leave me alone to my fate. I thank you for your kindness," spoke Kumaran.

"Is there no hope for you? no hope? absolutely none?" asked Janardan in a tremulous voice. "Am I to understand that you have done the worst? that you have committed the cruel murder of that lad?"

"I have not murdered him; but what did the policeman say?—that I have abetted the crime, which is as good as committing the crime itself, for just as in the case of a person beaten to death, it is the beater, and not the cane, who is responsible, similiarly in the offence, in which agents are employed, the instigator is the real criminal."

"But did you order those fellows to kill the man?" asked Janardan considerably relieved to learn that his son-in-law was not the perpetrator of the deed.

"Certainly I did not, I asked those fellows to intimidate that man into silence either by threats, or buffets, or gold."

"How glad I am to learn that you are not in reality connected with this horrible deed! But, tell me, why did the fellow Sahadev indulge in such wanton abuse when you started for the wedding?"

"It was not wanton abuse my lord; in justice to him I must say that I deserved it for the wrong I did him."

"And that wrong?"

"Pray do not cross-examine me on the matter. That is a secret. Moreover I do not think it has any bearing on the case."

"I thank you for telling me the rest; for I am sincerely glad to learn that your hand is free from guilt; and this conviction alone will help me a long way in taking the necessary steps for the defence. In the meantime I

advise you not to loose hope, but to take heart; for I am sure that with the help of the Almighty your deliverance will be effected."

"I shall try my best, dear father," said Kumaran meekly, an inexpressible tranquility stealing over his heart.

"But do not forget to pray God every moment of your time I do not know how far the present-day fashion has influenced you to forget the divine existence; but believe me that I have always found my prayers so helpful and efficacious in times of difficulty that I advise you not to disregard them. They will have a soothing effect on your troubled spirit, and will enable you to bear with fortitude every reverse of fortune. Promise me that you will not fail in obeying my injunctions"

"Father, I promise," replied Kumaran who was inspired into devotion by the eloquent appeal of Janardan.

"In the meantime it may be a great comfort for you to know that in every temple under the management of your father or myself special prayers have been arranged to be chanted by the holy Brahmins till the day of your release. Besides numbers of costly offerings have been promised to various other temples to effect your deliverance. I have great hopes, my son, that our efforts will not be in vain."

"I am sure that the Gods whom we have propitiated so amply, will not desert us in the hour of need. Pray, did you consult any astrologer on the score."

"Of course that was done long ago, almost as soon as this terrible calamity occurred. His opinion is by no means unpleasant but—" Janardan stopped.

"But what?" asked Kumaran.

"But as is usual with the astrologers, their pronouncements have been vague and rather equivocal. The astrologer—who bye the way is the most prophetic fortune-teller in the south—assures us that you will be let free; but when, he does not say."

"Imprisonment is light when compared to the serious punishment that is awarded in such cases But is the imprisonment to be simple or rigorous?"

"I can't say," replied Janardan. "He says that the conjunction of your planets is such that a restriction of your liberty is the result. Mark you, he does not commit himself to the word 'imprisonment,' but 'restriction of liberty', which is fulfilled in your remand itself."

"I have no faith in these astrologers. They are better versed in the art of quibbling than in that of predicting. Even if their predictions are in direct variance with the truth, they save the situation by indulging in sophistry, and twisting their previous words to suit the fact."

"Quite so," remarked Janardan, in whom dawned recollections of his own transactions with a famous astrologer in connection with the marriage of Kumaran. "They are a class of of cheats and humbugs. But I believe there are some whose foretellings prove true to the letter."

At this stage, in walked the red topee with the proud consciousness of the guardian of the peace of His Majesty. The lord of Ragmar rose mechanically to depart.

"Well, my son, I quit you now for the present to go and leave no stone unturned to effect your release. Even if you are not relieved on bail—ha! I forgot to tell you about it—do not lose courage and," he added solemnly, "Remember, do not forget to think of and pray to the Supreme One in whose hands all of us are."

"That will do my lord," interrupted the policeman, "Your time is up," he added almost insolently.

"Impudent ass!" exclaimed Kumaran incensed by the remark and behaviour. "A paltry policeman dressed in brief authority and drawing a pay of four annas per day assumes airs which even the collector would blush to put on, in the presence of such a wealthy and noble lord!"

"Am I to understand, my lord" asked the official in the same unpleasant tone, "That I am to make a distinction of persons in the execution of my duty? You forget, my lord, that the Sirkar's laws are administered without respect to wealth, rank, eminence or influence."

"I remember it," sneered Kumaran, "and remember also how the great espouser of the equality of the execution of laws, not long ago, used to fawn on my father and self for small tips of money. Now the same fellow plays the master to me, forgetting his position and his past."

"You do me wrong, my lord," replied the policeman his lips lengthening in a sarcastic smile without doing violence to the dignified gravity of his countenance, "In imagining that I have lost all recollections about my begging you a few ruppees. Nor do I forget either my present or my past, or your present and your past. Some time back you were a lord, and I your beggar; now you are a prisoner, and I your jailer; and I remember our positions too well in our dealings to need a warning from you."

With that parthian shot the red cap sauntered out of the room leading the wondering lord of Ragmar, and shot the bolts in their places.

The cool effrontery of the twopenny half-penny official was so biting that the colossal castle of arrogance, in which Kumaran had been bred up, and which had received rude shocks in the insults of Sahadev and the imprisonment of himself crumbled to the dust. He felt that deference to wealth and rank was paid as long as it could advance the selfish ends of the payer and would cease with the gaining of the object in view and that the payment of honour to the rich was after all the mildest and the most subtle form of preying on their money. He thanked the policeman in his heart for having taught him so needful a lesson.

Humbled to the dust, Kumaran turned his thoughts to the advice of his father-in-law to remember and pray to the Almighty every moment he was in prison. His attitude towards God in the past had undergone various changes. In his childhood he had been rigorously taught to pray every morning and evening; but when once he escaped parental supervision owing to his departure to the college, the habit was day by day undermined until at last it culminated in scepticism. His studies could not help him at all; for it is notorious that even now religion does not form a part of a student's studies in the state universities of India. But in moments of difficulty he would reclaim the existence of God and invoke His aid by proimises of magnificient propitiations. Thus his God had become only a complaisant partner to exchange and barter; his reason acknowledged no God, while outwardly was manifested all visible signs of a theist and a Hindu.

Now everything underwent a change. The vicissitudes of fortune and the fall from the pinnacle of wealth and prosperity to the lowest depths of wretchedness and misery had contributed no little to the change, and impressed upon him the existence of a Divine Will working behind the scenes. He taught and taught, prayed and prayed, earnestly and devoutly, and rose from his cross-legged posture with a lighter and hopeful heart.

Once more the doors opened and revealed Balsivan his father who had grown thin and pale with the sufferings of his son, led by Mr. Sundaraier, a famous Barrister from the city of Vambelore.

Mr. Sundaraier was a young man of good parts who had read for the law in one of the temples of England and had earned a name in his profession within the short period of a dozen years. He was popular among both classes of clients—the old and the young, the orthodox and the cosmopolitan. He would impress the former with his erudition in Sanskrit, devotion and respect for the

traditional customs, though more in words than in deed, and win the respect of the latter by his cosmopolitanism in practice. However it be, he had a countenance which bespoke a strong rosolution and indomitable will. The demeanour of the policeman who escorted him was so submissive and humble that it stood in marked contrast with his haughty bearing towards the lord of Ragmar.

"I am very glad to see that you do not seem to be as moody and haggard as the lord of Ragmar reported to us," remarked Sundarier.

"My son, there is no use in fretting over fate. Try to bear everything as calmly and cheerfully remembering that it is the will of God," added the father.

Sundarier quoted a Sanskrit stanza in aid of the father's remark and said. "He alone is the happiest who can bear with equanimity joy and sorrow, the good and the bad, pros perity and adversity."

"I thank you very much," said Kumaran to the barrister- "You are proficient as a legal adviser, and I dare say you are not less proficient as a mental adviser."

"Please excuse me. I don't pretend to be a doctor of mind at all; but your father's remark just reminded me of that *sloka*."

"Did you receive any information on the point of bail from Madras? Is there any prospect of a favourable decision from the High Court?" inquired Kumaran of the Barrister.

"Certainly! but for some chances we would not have appealed to the High Court at all But as the prosecuting Inspector contends that setting you free on bail might tamper with the evidence, I do not know whether we can expect the best. Anyhow let us hope that the result will not be quite disappointing" remarked the legal functionary.

"I belive you have taken all the necessary steps, and that we may expect an early sentence from the High Court" demanded Kumaran.

"Certainly everything that can possibly be done in the case has been adopted. We have the best legal advice available in this district—" said Balsivan.

"When, on your committal to the sessions I put in the application to release you on bail, I had made all possible arrangements for appealing not only at Vambelore, but also at Madras, in case the decision should be unfavourable. Every hour I am expecting a wire from Madras," interrupted the Barrister.

"I pray that it may contain pleasant news," remarked Balsivan.

"I too hope for the same; yet it is better to be prepared for the worst; for I have seen rare cases where the application for bail rejected by the lower court has been granted by the High Court. Anyhow you will come before the sessions within a couple of months rather three months to be quite accurate—and then," said the Barris'er twisting his thin moustache. "I am sure sorrows will end."

"Will they end for ever?" asked Kumaran bitterly.

"No, no, you need apprehend nothing serious. This is my ninth sessions case. I have succeeded in all the eight—in one hopelessly strong case the accused was sentenced to six years of rigorous imprisonment—and I do not see any reason to despair of the ninth."

There was something so resolute in his facial feature that Kumaran believed that he was safe in his hands.

At that minute a a telegraph peon was led in. Mr. Sundaraier tore the envelope open and glanced rapidly at the contents.

"Application rejected!" exclaimed Sundarier sorrowfully.

"God's will be done; nothing can be of avail against fate" and Balsivan bowed his head in grief.

CHAPTER XIX

The Temple Day.

THE scene now shifts to the stately temple of Mabaral and we are carried forward to the end by a period of one-and-a-half months.

The temple and the surroundings presented a sight so serene and picturesque that it inspired emotions at once aesthetic and spiritual. It could have been mistaken for a sylvan temple, and imagination could no doubt have conjured up an idealistic past endowing that peaceful spot with devotees and recluses leading lives of harmony and contentment, and performing *tapas*—so dense was the forest of gigantic trees that surrounded it on all sides; but the trees though wild and luxuriant seemed not to grow out of nature's freak, but stood in graceful profile as if planted by man; and the hard ground that was covered thickly with dry and lifeless leaves crackling and crumbling under the heels of man showed not a single bush or thcket. Besides, the enclosure of the edifice was so vast in this lake of green, that it looked like a clear sky fringed all around with dark clouds.

Facing the quadrangle whose outer walls were plated with bronze and dotted with myriads of little lamps stood a large stone gallery which could accommodate thousands of visitors. A soft ground raised in the centre by polished granite, intervened between the quadrangle and the gallery and formed a walk through which circumambulated the procession and the devotees who gathered to witness the inspiring scene. In the centre of the quadrangle stood the innermost sanctuary bearing the image of the God and facing it, the *mandapam* in which would be seated meditative Brahmins murmuring *mantrams* and prayers. Beyond the quadrangle was a large hall adjoining a kitchen, where thousands of people would be fed. On the north

and south were vast tanks containing water still and serene with the surroundings; and from the centre of one rose a small temple that looked like a solitary island in an ocean of blue.

There was a time when the temple used to be frequented every day by thousands and thousands of pious people, when the enclosure resounded with the echoes of myriad voices invoking the loving Krishna, when the lads and lasses of the village played and bathed and swam in those placid tanks and joined in grateful supplication at the feet of the Lord, when the temple day was the greatest event of the year, and men, women and children would play or pray down the short-lived night without a wink of sleep, when the sacred spot and surroundings were centres of an unstinted love, devotion and attachment. But alas! those days are gone; the place is frequented only by the ignorant or the old, the sacred walk is prostituted by modernised youths for exchanging amorous looks or whispering lovers' appointments; the tanks look almost empty and seem to sigh over what they were; the temple precincts echo with the acclamations of devoted rustics and with the shouts and laughter of a few Brahmins fighting over the free dinners too often forgetful of their daily duties of worshipping the God; and the temple day is regarded as a gala day to attend the fair, envy the dress, or feast the eyes in throwing tender glances at the fresh and the young.

Now, in the parting rays of the setting sun the temple shone like a fairy castle of burnished gold—so finely were the outer walls of the quadrangle polished—and the glowing lamps glanced in the dazzling light. The portico was gracefully decked with sweet scented flowers and a gay canopy, studded with shimmering pendants, which were reflected in the tall, and radiant gold-plated pedestal that soared high with the pagoda into the skies.

And as if at the touch of a magic wand that converts deserts into flourishing and populated cities, this peaceful

spot seemed to spring at once into life and activity. Beyond the walls of the temple had gathered hundreds of petty shops selling, trinkets and glass bangles, toys and sweetmeats over which swarmed hundreds of people higgling and consulting each other over the prices. The stone galleries too were no less crowded with enthusiastic persons of every age and type; and beauties of every shade and form of the Indian type were not wanting to add lustre to the scene

The conches blew; the bells pealed solemnly; and bands of musicians made their appearance on the temple walk. Deep silence fell on the multitude; and the spectators had not waited long when seven elephants richly caparisoned in crimson and gold advanced majestically with their rocking gait. Music leaped into life; and as the spectators saw the gold image of Sri Krishna, gorgeously decked with gems and flowers and seated on the elephant that led the procession, loud cries of "Hara Haro! Krishna! Hara Haro! Krishna" rent the air.

The procession began; myriads of flowers and fruits were showered on the image; and the sea of heads began to flow with it revolving round the sacred edifice. Shades of night fell thick and fast—for in India there are hardly a few minutes of twilight; then it was that the beauty of the scene struck the beholder with greater charm. The little numberless lamps were lighted; flames of torches waved at intervals—all shedding a mellow lustre on the place. But now and then blazed lights of various hues, yellow, blue and pink converting the whole scene into ethereal sights. Rockets soared into the air hissing and darting, and burst overhead into a thousand falling stars.

But we must direct the reader's attention to a small group of persons who from their exterior, and deference received from the surrounding people indicated their superior rank. They were only three youths, one short and shout and of a fair complexion, another tall and

corpulent but dark in feature, and the last tall and slender with hair combed in European cut and a pair of rolled gold spectacles mounted on the nose. They were absorbed in a loud discussion; for they could not make themselves heard in the clamour of music.

" I can't withstand this hypocrisy and sham of yours" remarked he of the rolled-gold glasses turning to his cousin Sunder, the fair and stout. "If you ask me my opinion of this pageant, I can tell you that it is indeed a very grand spectacle; but the moment you introduce a God or a deity and endow that gold image with supernatural powers, you must as well assign me some common sense to refuse totally such a monstrous absurdity."

"When one thinks that it is not in keeping with his English education to justify idol worship, and perhaps that it is improper to admit even the existence of God, I am not at all surprised that he should give vent to such a judgment as yours. But pray, my dear cousin Ramsay why did you take the trouble of coming here at all?" retorted Sunder who in spite of his education still clung with affectionate pride at the traditional ideas.

"As for my coming here, you must understand, that it was at the instigation of my father who being unable to accept our uncle Balsivan's invitation wished to send me as his proxy. Anyhow this is a goodly sight to see, specially the delicate architecture of the temple. The whole thing appeals only to my aesthetic side," replied Ramsay.

"But you have evaded the insinuation of cousin Sunder," remarked the third whose name was Cameron, "That you are an atheist. Are we to understand that your silence means confession?"

It is the fashion of many of the educated youths of India to twist their names into English sounding ones. Hence it was that the real names Ramasamy and Kammaran

transformed themselves in the anglicising process into Ramsay and Cameron. It is said on good authority that a bureau is established, to work marvellous changes in the ordinary Indian names so that they may not be distinguished at all from the English ones

"I do not mean to say that I am an athiest, nor do I commit myself to an acknowledgment of these lifeless gods. The fact is, my judgment has not yet been formed on the subject; I am not sufficiently learned to decide the question, and as such, I reserve my opinion for the present."

"Look here! this gentleman has studied a bit of English culture and consequently thinks himself in a position to cast off our ideals, and inflict revolutionizing theories on us. Do not soar so high into confusion lest you should all on a sudden find it impossible to return to reason and common sense" jested Cameron.

"Jokes are not admirable modes of answering reasonable arguments," interposed Ramsay. "Tell me frankly, do you really believe in these gods except in times of trouble."

"Oh! do not be quite serious about it," replied Cameron half in jest and half in earnest. "I care nothing for these gods or demigods. Anyhow I pray every day; you must not forget that."

"But I do believe in the existence of my gods!" protested Sunder. "Shame on you cousin Cameron! Ramsay has the courage to be open in his conviction; but you are a hypocrite."

"Really?" asked Cameron unruffled by this remark and with a naughty smile playing on his lips. "And is your god omniscient and omnipresent?"

"Certainly!" said Sunder gravely. "I am neither so learned or proud as to forget my creator; I would rather believe in Him with blind faith!" he added crossing his hands in devout prayer.

"Well then, my pious cousin," continued Cameron, "We know too many of each other's peccadilloes as to pose ourselves saints; and when you committed such 'venial' offences where was your omniscient and omnipresent God? Had you really any belief in His existence, would you have done all that sort of thing?"

"Of course I might not have remembered God always; besides there are so many weaknesses in us to succumb to temptations," replied Sunder.

"Excuse me!" remarked Ramsay, "I have not even the least pretence of capability to follow your line of thought. You will not, I am sure, commit any wrong action distasteful to your father, in his very presence; and yet you would commit a wrong action, however venial it may look to yourself or society, in the presence of the punishing God! Does not this sound impossible? No, Sunder you are egged on to a confession of your hypocrisy, and Cameron needs be congratulated on working this miracle"

"I am not at all put out by your jingling arguments," replied the unabashed Sunder. "Sophistry often arrives at conclusions which are absurd on their very face. But I am very sorry for you Ramsay. You have imbued yourself with such radical ideas that you find no good in our traditional customs; and yet I can quote even English authorities who express great wonder and admiration for our ancient Shastraic principles."

"Let me tell you, at first," replied Ramsay, "That I refuse to be tied down by any quotation from anybody unless it strikes me to be consistent with commonsense and reason. Secondly, allow me to dispell the idea that I hate our tradition in toto. On the other hand I can assure you that there are many rites which appeal to me very strongly. But that does not blind me to some of the gross absurdities in others"

"And what are they, please" asked Cameron lightly.

"What are they?" echoed Ramsay, "So many, so many that it will take days to narrate them. Take for instance these Brahmins who are riding these elephants in pomp and pride. The Sastras lay down that to feed the Brahmins is to acquire religious merit; and consequently this injunction is still carried out by the rich. Almost every wealthy Hindu, or temple keeps a choultry where any number of brahmins is welcome to take their meals as long as they please; and on festive occasions thousands of them are feasted and presented with gifts of money and clothes. What is the result? They have taken advantage of others' kindness; since they are well fed and clothed, they have turned their god-s rving talents to serve Mammon and are right earnestly hoarding money. They have almost completely left the profession of priest for which they were originally intended, and have manned the civil departments of the government. Shame on those who are driving them by over indulgence to serve Mammon! And the pity of it is that the needy, the oppressed, the indigent and the starving thousands are not fed, but left to drag on a miserable and weary existence!"

"But I do not think that these Sastras were framed by ignorant people endowed with intellect inferior to yours!" remarked Sunder.

"Spare me your sarcasm," replied Ramsay. "I admit that they were great, very great intellects. But you forget the purpose for which that injunction was laid down!"

"And what is that hidden meaning, O! Reader of Sastras, which has been unriddled only to Mr. Ramsay student of the B. A. Class?" mocked Cameron.

"The Brahmins, you must understand," replied Ramsay unmindful of the jesting speech of his cousin, "were prohibited from doing anything except the duties of priest Indeed it was an unpardonable sin to be

worldly, and obviously enough, since they could not keep themselves up by priest's profession, it was laid down that it was merit to feed the Brahmins; as it *is* a merit to succour the needy. Of course there are cases of Brahmins having been employed as statesmen and ministers in ancient India; b t apart from the fact that such cases are few, they invariably, on attaining old age, cast off their worldly prospects and wandered forth over the land with the beggar's bowl as penance."

"But why blame the Brahmins alone for abandoning their profession? Is it not the same with the other castes, with the Kshathriyas, the Vaiysas, and the Sudras?" asked Sunder.

"Alright! But my quarrel is that people seeing the brahmins are no longer performing their dharma, are still remunerating them, and pampering them, when thousands of poor and starving people are crying in vain for a morsel of food!"

"Confound your nonsensecal discussion! I have lost her, distracted by your conversation!" shouted Cameron whose eyes ran over the multitude of fair faces that swam past by. "If you care to see her, follow me!" he cried and mooned through the crowd.

"Who, who is the person?" was the astonished question that was flung behind his back, as the two followed him with earnest eyes.

"A most bewitching pair of eyes and a most charming face. I have never seen anywhere a figure so ravishingly beautiful! look! look! there she is!" whispered Cameron coming to a standstill.

There indeed she was, the fair and hapless Sarojini, pale and pensive in her looks, withal enchanting in her sorrow.

Sunder and Ramsay exchanged exclamations of genuine admiration. They had never seen a creature so sylph-like looking.

"Who is she? what is she?" asked Sunder aloud. The music ceased suddenly; the tumult stopped; the question "What is she" echoed clearly in the air distinct to all Balsivan turned to the direction from which the question came; unwittingly they had approached him in their search after the fair face.

As if by instinct the three shrank down unnoticed into the sea of human beings, and disappeared.

After a few minutes during which incence was burned before the image, the procession continued in its round.

The three rose once more in another part of the temple. A look of shame lighted the features of each.

"You ought not to have been so ridiculously loud!" complained Ramsay.

"But how the deuce could I know that the music would stop at that psychological moment?" retorted Sunder who was the deepest to feel the mortification.

"Never mind!" said Cameron, "Nobody recognized us I am sure; and now to track out her person and identity!"

By chance Ramnarain, the menial of Balsivan happened to be close to them.

"Here is a man who can enlighten us on the score. Fellow, do you know who the fair and dark eyed beauty is?" asked Ramsay.

"Who, my lord?" asked Ramnarain submissively. He knew that the three were honoured guests of his master.

"How shall we describe her person?" mused Cameron audibly. "Say, the fairest and the most beautiful among those assembled here!" he added in despair.

A fleeting smile curved the lips of Ramnarain; and the fellow stood silent.

"Follow me!" cried Cameron; and once more the party started in quest of her. Soon they cited her to the meek Ramnarain.

"She, my lord," said Ramnarain gravely, "Is the wife of Sahadev who was recently, as is reported, beaten to death and who is the cause of the young lord's imprisonment!"

"What! Is she the famous Sarojini, paramour of Kumaran?' asked Sunder.

"Her name is Sarojini, my lord" meekly replied the menial. "But I do not know whether she was the paramour though report is current to the effect."

"Report says so; and I am sure it is true. There can be no smoke without fire!" added Sunder.

"In that case good hopes are mine, my cousin. I am told that this function will come to an end at about eight. At about three in the night another and more imposing ceremony will begin; in the interval I am sure we shall witness many interesting things," said Cameron never taking his eyes off from her with whom they began to keep pace.

True to the advice of Cameron the trio returned to the temple at about midnight. Deep stillness seemed to prevail all over the place The huge crowd had dispersed; a few departing to their homes, and others stretching themselves on the hard and rugged stone gallery. For some time they wandered listlessly all around the temple; there was nothing diverting in witnessing the silence in that place which had only a couple of hours back resounded with myriad voices; they were almost despairing of coming across any amuse ment when all at once their attention was drawn to a slender figure praying deeply before the temple shrine. As they approached they heard, unoticed, piteous tones welling up passionately from an evidently female heart.

"Oh! Krishna! Beloved Krishna!" was the almost inaudible prayer. "Will you not throw one kind glance at your poor suppliant? Will you not have one atom of

pity for this wretched being? What sins have I committed to deserve such a hard lot? You robbed me of my mother in my childhood. Not even a couple of years had passed in wedded felicity, when you ordained that my honour was to be tarnished and my husband to be taken away from me. Beloved Krishna, you have snatched off my loving husband; will you now snatch off my kind and aged father who has been both a father and mother to me and leave me friendless and destitute—a prey to the vicious of this world? Krishna! Gentle and bounteous Krishna! Spare my dear father! Save him!"

"What is the matter my good woman!" asked Ramsay from behind.

She started, and turned towards them.

"Halloa! Cameron, the very creature we met this evening! Are you not Sarojini?" exclaimed Sunder. Cameron broke a lewd jest as if in reply, and darted tender devouring glances at her.

"What do you want of me?" she asked in startled accents—a look of suspicion and distrust shading her brow.

"Nothing my beauteous one, nothing" said Ramsay hesitating.

"Let me go, let me go;" she cried, and started to go; but Cameron stopped her.

"For God's sake, don't dissemble the prude in this temple. We know too well of your fidelity to your husband to be taken aback by your behaviour," said Cameron stopping her.

"Krishna! Sri Krishna!" appealed Sarojini turning towards the shrine. "If Thou hast any divine power let me not be outraged before thy very presence. Help me Krishna. Help me from these villains!"

As if by a common impulse the three turned their glances to the shrine—they started—Good Heavens! the image seemed

to move from its place—its serene and radiant countenance seemed to throb with rage!—and they flew from the spot at once.

"What has happened ?" asked Velan who just then arrvied at the scene. Sarojini briefly related the incident.

"Cowards! who armed with wealth and influence take advantage of the weakness of the defenceless!" exclaimed Velan to himself. "But, sister, I am the bearer of a message from your father. He wishes to see you immediately."

Her face turned pale with anxiety.

"Is he worse ?" she asked trembling like an aspen leaf.

"I hope not; but the delirium has returned; and he is calling you incessantly by name."

Both started immediately for Mahadevan's.

The misfortunes of Sarojini and the death of Sahadev proved too much for the old farmer. From the day of the sad incident his health had declined rapidly; he would not go to the farm; showed no appetite for his meals; but would sit all day long brooding over his unhappy lot. Under the strain of such high wrought mental stress and old age his body soon give way; and a virulent fever set in.

Sarojini sped into the patient's room; a flickering lamp shed a dim light and imparted a solemn glow to the walls. The maidservant stood a little apart with despairing eyes filled with tears. She dared not utter a word, but sank down on her knees by the bedstead.

"Sarojini! Sarojini my child!" cried the invaild in low tones.

"Yes, father, I am here!" replied Sarojini bending her face over him.

Mahadev opened his eyes dreamily and said: "Thou art a noble youth Sahadev. I thank thee for thy services.

I cannot sufficiently express my—" here he was quite inaudible the rest being broken into murmurs.

Sarojini buried her head in the bed.

" Father, father, don't you recognise me, your child ?" she asked him, a lump of sorrow rising in her throat.

He looked at her, and murmured a listless 'yes' and closed the eyes again Sarojini broke into a torrent of sobs. Little did the patient realise that every word of his was like a barbed arrow to her heart.

The breath seemed to come and go—hard, agonising and long-drawn, changing with every minute. It was painfully evident that life was fast ebbing away.

Within a few minutes his eyes opened, clear and brilliant, shedding an animated glow on his checks. He seemed to recognise everyone in the room, and motioned Sarojini nearer to his side.

" I am dying my little one; and I must now part from you for ever. But my heart breaks to leave you alone without one protecting hand—" he whispered tremulously.

" I shall watch over her like a brother and, at this sacred moment I promise you, as I promised her husband " said Velan.

" But you are not dying my dearest father; you shall recover soon—do not tell me you are dying " cried Sarojini wringing her hands in agony.

" I feel as if I am dying—my breath is so painful—Velan I thank you for the promise to guard her like a brother—but how shall I leave you my little child—so young—" he closed his eyes for a moment and said: " They beckon me to join them—your dear mother and husband. I must go. I am going; little one, you are such a dear loving child that my heart breaks to part from you." he took her arm into his.

"Do not weep" continued Mahadev sobbing—"You will be happy......yet yet, my dear little......My God!" he could say no more, but motioned to be seated up.

Tenderly and slowly Sarojini lifted him up with the help of Velan; and the invaild sat with his head reclining on his child's breast. Within a few minutes the eyes closed in sleep, the sleep eternal from which there is no waking.

Sarojini sat and sat, rigid and unconscious. When she awoke from her swoon, the heavy blows of the wood cutter's axe resounded from the garden outside. A mango tree was being felled for wood to cremate the body of Mahadev.

She saw lights blazing from the adjacent room; and found a body wrapped in red and white, laid in reverence across the floor. She understood what it was; advancing prostrated at its feet; and sobs and tears welled up in abundance.

With the flowing of tears, a little relief began to set in. She rose from the prostrate posture—changed in face and form. The last touches of her girlish graces had disappeared and she looked a woman of mature age.

And as she thought of herself and the future, her heart sank within her in despair.

Alone! Alone! in this wide world, without one loving hand to lead her through the sombre future! A sweet and solitary briar sighing over the night's storm that has laid low the hardy plants of the flourishing garden! a lovely morning star quivering with sobs at the forlorn firmannent! a tender maiden clinging to her frail bark in the midst of a vast and lonely ocean, pining at the vanished eyes under whose affectionate care she had started on the voyage of life, and gazing in despair at those stormy waves that would soon hurry her to an early grave.

There are moments in the life of man when the whole world stands naked before him, divested of its veils and trappings, its joys and shows; when the theories with which it is wrapped are doubted, when the truisms which have attracted not a thought are questioned, when the axioms which it has accepted without a murmur are disbelieved, when the very words that are closely intimate, seem to echo with a strangeness that jarrs him!

Such was the moment with Sarojini.

"Where is my father gone to?" thought Sarojini "To Heaven—or Hell? Heaven? Hell? What do they mean?......No! He is dead? dead! What is death? Casting off old clothes for new? eternal sleep?......Will he come back to me again? Meet me after some time and live with me like his old self?......No! No! He is gone for ever—never more to return. Never more shall I see the dear form, the kind smile, the gentle eyes, or hear the sound of his voice; and those tender pats and loving caresses never more shall be mine......

"A cruel fate has snatched him off? A fate which none can conquer, none can gainsay? What is this all powerful and ruthless fate? And what have I done to anger this fiend? or what has my innocent father comitted to invoke his wrath?......

"It is the will of God? God has willed to *kill* my dear old father! God? God? What is God?...... Certainly that God who glories in killing the innocent is not a kind or merciful being! He is no God, but worse than human......

"No! No! He has a right to destroy what he has created! But he who delights in giving birth in order to kill, driving dire pangs of sorrow into many hearts at the same time, indulges in a sort of savage pleasure unworthy of a God!......

"Do I blaspheme! What is the price of blashpenny Death? A sweet mother, a loving husband, a tender

father all of these have been killed, in spite of their zealous devotion to God! And what do I care if I die today or tomorrow?—Today would be more welcome than tomorrow!......Even now it is worse than death!

"But what is the cause of this disastrous misfortune in my home? the unhappy loss of my dear father, of my beloved husband, of my virtue? My beauty! My beauty tempted that cruel Kumaran! How I curse my beauty!

"Why should I curse my self! He the proud and arrogant fool who thought that money could purchase anything, even the purity of a harmless maiden, he is to be cursed! He caused the death of my husband, the death of my father. And did this just God care to punish that monstrous villain who has perpetrated such atrocities? No! no! God is kind; He has spared him; I am told that he will soon be liberated from the prison; but an innocent husband, and father are to be punished with death for no crime of their own, and a defenceless woman to be left destitute and solitary—a prey to all the villains of the world.

"No! If God cares not to avenge their death at least I *will*! Self help alone shall be mine! and if any life is left in me, that shall be dedicated to one supreme end to revenge on the atrocious villian. I will! I will!"